

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LIII.—No. 1375.

SATURDAY, MAY 12th, 1923.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



THE MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

From the portrait by Sir John Lavery, R.A., in this year's Academy.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES : 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams : "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON : Tele. No. : GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements : 6-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2 ; Tele. No. : REGENT 760.

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THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

MR. ERNEST C. PULBROOK has written and Messrs. Batsford have published a book, "English Country Life and Work," that all should peruse carefully. A casual reader might imagine that it was only one of those charming books which are written to illustrate old pastimes, old occupations and old traditions. The author has an evident love for the past, and obviously regrets the change. In olden time it was the country that dominated the town. The industrial workers depended upon the farm for their food and a great deal of their clothing. England was more or less a self-contained country, and none of the necessities of life and few of its luxuries were imported from abroad. The constitution of the country reflected this state of things ; the nobility then held sway because their titles represented real power. The duke in his dukedom was little short of a king and when the monarch summoned his peers to council, each of them came representing a portion of England, the earl or count his county, the viscount—or vice-count—was his *alter ego* and acted for him in his absence ; the baron represented his barony, and so on. That was a true

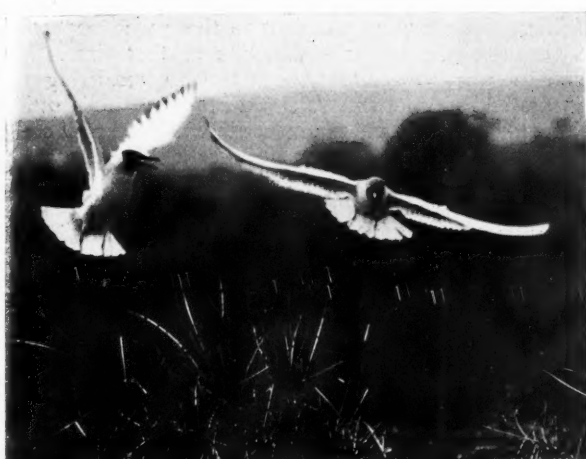
reflection of England at a time when power was vested in the producers of food ; but change was brewing. England was turning to industry and depending more on her shops and factories than upon the fruits of husbandry. Modern developments accelerated this movement. Just at the time when the great depression came on England owing to the fearfully bad season in 1879 there occurred almost simultaneously events of great importance ; one was the development of ocean transit and the other a great increase in the United States of America and Canada of cereal-growing. There was abundance on the other side of the Atlantic, and there were the vessels to take it to this side. That, if we come to realities, was the deathblow to the old condition of things. Imported food grew to be by far the greater portion of what was consumed in this country. It was grown on virgin soil and carried very cheaply because ships took out the produce of our factories and returned laden with corn. Before that there had been many ups and downs in the history of agriculture, lean years and fat, visitations of disease, peasant rebellions and all those other occurrences that are to be read in the histories.

It is true that Englishmen still retained their love of the country, but it began to be noticed that the young heirs of estates did not, as their forefathers had done, take to the cultivation of the fields. Their love of the country was expressed in terms of sport : shooting and fishing, riding and hunting became so many passions. Towards the end of the nineteenth century there were, to speak moderately, many hundreds of great landed proprietors who looked upon their estates chiefly as sources of pleasure. The decay of agriculture was also accompanied by a falling off in the condition of those engaged in it. The wages of the male and female workers in the field became outrageously small. Many efforts were made to withstand this change, because everyone who thought at all saw that we were getting into a parlous state when we had to depend for our food not upon what was grown in our own fields, but upon what was brought over the sea in ships. Still, in the words of the poet, it was a time when wealth accumulates but men decay. Great fortunes were amassed, and the landed gentry, after a considerable amount of suffering, at length found ways and means of investing their money or giving their time to other industries. Development was going on all over the world, and that meant the making of many fortunes ; but, if we understand Mr. Pulbrook aright, he sees that it was all based on a wrong foundation.

At the present moment it seems in every way likely that the country will come to its own again. The war administered a sharp lesson to those who were content to live on imported food. One would think that the lesson taught towards the end of the war, when every day brought word of ships full of provisions being destroyed, would never be forgotten ; but it was. There was a section of the public after the Armistice was signed which seemed to think that they would automatically return to the state of things that had existed before the opening of hostilities. It is almost proverbial that in war many fortunes are made, and for a time there was so much spent in luxury and amusement that a false idea was given as to the condition of the country. It was only when the load of taxation was increased to the point of breakage that at last people began to recognise that England had passed from riches to poverty. Not yet is it fully understood that we cannot afford to buy so lavishly from foreign countries as we used to. In the year 1922 the outlay on imported food was no less than £500,000,000, or £200,000,000 more than it had been in the year before the war. No doubt all this will be changed in time, and it well may be that the experience we are going through just now will knit the country together again, and something will be done to restore the balance to an equilibrium, and country pursuits will flourish once more.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a reproduction of Sir John Lavery's Academy portrait of the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Curzon is a daughter of the late Mr. J. Munroe Hinds, and was married to Lord Curzon of Kedleston in 1917.



COUNTRY NOTES

IN spite of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's declaration in the House of Commons, the re-assessment question is as far from a settlement as ever. It is true that the subject naturally divides itself into two compartments. Where a property is let, the rent will more or less accurately show the extent to which it has increased or diminished in value; but even in this matter it is not all plain sailing. Certain districts have flourished as inhabitable places since the war, and others have not gone forward but backward. Thus, a re-assessment which is made from an office table and not from knowledge of the particular circumstances must necessarily be unfair to a considerable number of people. Where the owner is also occupier, the question becomes more intricate. What is going to determine the new value? We are assuming that no letting has taken place and that the property has been continually occupied by the owner. It may be that there has been a run on such places and that the general value is increased. It is just as likely to happen that there has been no run and that the value is less than it was at the previous assessment. Nor is it always easy to determine what has taken place with regard to one house from a knowledge of what has occurred in the case of similar houses. Nothing but an investigation on the spot will suffice to show the relative position. The owner-occupier in a vast majority of cases will have good reason to appeal against re-assessment; and he will do well to remember that the sand is running out of the hour-glass, and unless he takes immediate steps he will be let in for an unjust assessment.

IT is not disparaging to other speakers at the banquet of the Royal Academy to say that the freshest and the most piquant speech delivered on that occasion came from the Prince of Wales. During his tour in Belgium and France the Prince was impressed with the austere, dignified beauty of the memorials to the dead. It appeared as though grief and the other thrilling emotions aroused by the war had given a new impulse to art. With characteristic and easy tact he passed from that point to the excellence of the pictures used for advertisement purposes. Some of them, he said, came from the Royal Academy, but it is difficult to recall that any of the most delightful pictures which have been exhibited on the walls at the stations of the Underground have owed their inception to the Academy. We think of the rather colossal horseman who sits at his ease in the saddle with a glass of the whisky in his hand which he is there to advertise. Were there no question of publicity, that would be recognised as a very fine picture. Another equally remarkable was that of the two Applejohns. We mention these two for a very simple reason. In both cases it was a condition of success that the artist should suffuse his picture with the glow of humanity, a glow that is almost invariably conspicuous by its absence in the more portentous pictures of the same kind hung at Burlington House. If

the truth were known, it would probably be found that the art of the present day is shaking off the conventions of the various schools and cliques engendered during the last years of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. The movement is directed towards that admixture of romanticism and realism which is nature itself.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY maintains its standard of craftsmanship; but no more. If there are fewer outstanding pictures, there are just as many pleasing portraits and honest landscapes. The late Sir J. J. Shannon is plentifully represented, but Sir John Lavery is unwontedly inconspicuous. His large picture of "The Marchioness Curzon," which we reproduce as our frontispiece, is a dignified work. Sir William Orpen is responsible for the most striking pictures of the exhibition; "To the Unknown British Soldier in France," whether meant as satire or allegory, has too many irrelevancies. His portraits of Miss Aldrich L. Blake, M.S., M.D., Lord Berkeley and Mr. Roland Knoedler, on the other hand, are admirable. Mr. Charles Sims again applies his "Primitive" memories to portraiture—not very successfully. Perhaps the most pleasing portrait is Miss Dodgson's "Dean Inge." Messrs. Maurice Griffenhagen and Charles Shannon are up to form, but Mr. Munnings, though delightful, is not. But to our mind by far the finest picture is Mr. Russell Flint's gorgeous "The Delinquents"—both in spirit and colour most impressive.

THE FIRST BEE.

This early morning, suddenly,
A bee came blundering in at me;
And then roved musically on,
As bees in summers dead and gone.
Yet joy, before he could depart,
Sang through my window and my heart!—
Where all the flowers of all my springs
Reblossomed to his humming wings.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE architects of England are now engaged in a private, though fiercely contested, general election of their own. A new Council is to be chosen for the Royal Institute, and every seat on it, including the President's, which usually goes by consent to some eminent practitioner, is being fought. The meaning of all this is that on a purely political issue a skilfully organised caucus managed last year to eject from the Council many an architect whose name is known for sound and good work and substituted a number of architects who seemed concerned only with the business side of their profession. The chief constructive proposal of these latter has been that they should wear academic robes at their meetings—perhaps, as Sir Edwin Lutyens is reported to have said, to hide their deficiencies. Now Sir Edwin himself, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Sir John Burnet, and all those who by their actual buildings are best known and respected, are seeking re-election to their old positions of honour and trust in the guidance of this most useful profession. Happy and fortunate may their adventure be! If modern architecture is to retain the respect of the community it has been gradually re-winning during the last decade, it is essential that the places of honour in the profession should be in the hands of those who have a deep regard for the art of architecture.

THERE is nothing more promising at the present time than the position of our Universities. The returns just issued by the Grants Committee for 1921–22 show that the number of students is beyond all precedent. In 1913–14 the number was 20,457, and after the war was over it rose to 36,424. That, of course, was due to exceptional circumstances, namely, the ex-Service grants, which enabled many of the returned officers to resume or even to start their University studies. It was naturally thought that in the course of a year or two this artificial increase would diminish, but it shows very little sign of doing so. During 1921–22 ex-Service students had diminished by 3,500,

but this meant a decrease of only 1,266, and the women students had increased by 699. This is a very good sign of the times, because it shows that both the students and their parents and guardians are beginning to appreciate the fact that education is the greatest gift that can be made to youth. In some quarters it is customary to call this the age of machinery, and the truth underlying it points to an extension of study in the direction of mechanics and transport. It is the same, however, in all other directions. Perhaps, of all sciences, that of medicine has made the most astonishing advance since the war. It is far more scientific, exact and thorough than it has ever been before, but research in other directions runs it very close.

A REMARKABLE and familiar figure in London journalism has passed away with the death of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Like many men who rose to eminence in the nineteenth century he belonged to the theological profession. He came from the manse, and by a strenuous course of education, which began in a Scottish parish school and ended in Aberdeen University, he worked his way so successfully that at the age of twenty-one he was "licensed," and in 1874 became Free Church minister of Dufftown in Banffshire. Three years later he was called to Kelso, the little town on the Scottish border in which Horatius Bonar was his predecessor. There he was married and made a serious beginning to his literary career; but his health, never very robust, obliged him to seek a warmer climate in 1885, and he migrated to Devonshire. His name will be associated with the *British Weekly*, a periodical in which there was a unique combination of religious teaching and literary criticism. Sir William Robertson Nicoll had the good fortune, due largely to his own tact, to induce many of those who subsequently became famous to contribute to his pages. Among them were Henry Drummond, R. L. Stevenson, W. T. Stead and Sir James Barrie. In 1891 he began the *Bookman*, which proved to be another great success. Sir Robertson Nicoll carried out his work in spite of precarious health, and as much credit is due to his resolution as to his ability for the mass of work he got through and the publications which he guided with an unerring instinct.

M. GEORGES BARBOT has added a chapter to the history of aviation. His crossing of the Channel is one of the most marvellous of the events connected with what is, perhaps, the greatest invention of our era. He crossed over from France to England against a head wind at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour and at the cost of one shilling for petrol. He, after due refreshment, started to make the return journey with the wind behind him and got back to France in about three-quarters of an hour, after having used just another shilling's worth of petrol. His own account of the voyage is that, starting at five o'clock, he took twenty minutes to ascend 5,500ft. This he did as a precaution against accidents, because he thought that from that height he could have volplaned down to England. As it happened, his machine worked perfectly, and he reached Lympne in an hour and a quarter. On his return journey he said that, his confidence having increased, he flew quite direct and completed the journey in three-quarters of an hour, thus taking two hours for the double journey: and during the time his motor consumed only nine litres of spirit. As given by the Air Ministry, his times are that he left St. Inglevert at 6.20 p.m. and arrived at Lympne at 7.21 p.m. He left Lympne on his return journey at 8.1 p.m. and arrived over St. Inglevert at 8.45 p.m. When we can all cross the Channel at that speed there will no longer be any agitation for a tunnel.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made for holding a Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Hugh Thomson. Mr. Thomson died in 1920 just after he had finished the illustrations for "Highways and Byways in Northumbria," a book belonging to a series of which he had illustrated several. He won his fame, however, largely on account of his perfect knowledge of and sympathy with the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. His illustrations of Goldsmith, Jane Austen

and Mrs. Gaskell were a delight to those who appreciate the characteristics, dress and habits of that time. Mr. Thomson was particularly successful in rendering the humours and characters of the old inn yard. His ostlers seem ready to speak, and the horses drawing the mail coach he rendered with a humour and fidelity which can scarcely be exceeded. It is no wonder that first editions of the works he illustrated are in nearly as much demand as the books which are adorned with the tailpieces of Bewick.

"THE BULLINGDON" has now incurred the attention of Dr. Farnell, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. Revived after the war rather later than other Oxford clubs—namely, in the summer term of 1920—the Bullingdon has apparently returned to its pre-war hilarity, and last term's dinner has resulted in the two dinners, to be given, as usual, in Bullingdon Barn, this summer, being interdicted. The news will, doubtless, arouse the wrath of many old members; but, with all good will to the Bullingdon, we cannot, from what we have heard of last term's behaviour, entirely disagree with Dr. Farnell. The war for a time cooled the activities of the rowdy clubs, and that institution of window-breakers known as "The Rousers" has, fortunately, never been resurrected. Oxford, from 1918 till quite recently, seemed all the better for the war; the Bullingdon seemed a reformed body. But they relapsed, and, while condoling with the members on their misfortune, we would praise Dr. Farnell for his effort to restrain the club from debasing itself.

BRAN'S HUNTING.

The little hound at my heart is a fairy child of pain;
Ever he frets the leash, till the night winds set him free.
He is as old as Fingal's hunting, swift as the terrible sea.
Dearer than harp or horn is my fairy hound to me.

Far are the mists of Mowen, far are the cairns of Skye,
Far from sorrow and sin, and the bitter plains of truth.
If eyes of the South were quickened, my hound of the North must die,
For the heart of the South is dreamless, and her spearmen know no ruth.

O well for the feet of fancy, the silver feet of my sleep!
They run by night in the corrie, they leap in the Red Hills' snow
Where kings and clans go hunting on a trail of Long-Ago.
(Clouds are over the Dun, and the graveyard grey with rain.)

Out of the gifts men covet, lo! I have asked but three—
To laugh in the hour of battle, to walk with my love on the lea,
And to lie at last in heather, hushed, forgotten and deep,
Fronting a sunset shore . . .
But the little hound of my heart shall be free for ever more.

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

THOSE who would rather repair than destroy old cottages, whether because it is economical to do so or from a love of these picturesque homes, will do well to read the excellent article in the number of the Journal of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society just issued. This is Vol. xvii of the Fifth Series, and the article is written by the capable pen of Mr. A. R. Powys. It is very beautifully illustrated by pictures of the cottages before repair and after. They are most charming, and Mr. Powys gives the cost and the procedure, so that anyone owning similar cottages may find full information. As a typical instance in a rural district he tells of a house acquired in 1920 when the building was valued at £85, and the estimated cost of conversion was £586, making a total cost of £671. In the same district the estimated cost of new houses was £914, both houses being of the parlour type. At Drinkstone, in Suffolk, in 1919, the total cost of repair for two cottages was £722, or £361 apiece. This included the addition of sanitary conveniences, new windows, grates and cooking ranges, and at the time that the work was carried out the same accommodation was costing from £1,100 to £1,250. Mr. Powys is of opinion that in many cases renovation will prove the cheapest as well as the most satisfactory way of providing the houses so urgently needed in our rural districts.

THE WORLD BELOW THE SEA—I

BY PROFESSOR D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON.

FEW books have given me more pleasure than the "Arabian Nights," few indeed, all my life long. Though I know them almost by heart, that does not spoil them for me nor stale their infinite variety; I seem to find in them something pat to the occasion as often as I please. When I read of the treasure-house of an Egyptian king I have it, thanks to the "Arabian Nights," clear in my mind's eye. It is the Treasury in Aboul Cassim's garden, into which he led the Caliph blindfold, reluctantly. There is the heavy stone covering the entrance, the steep staircase, the sloping corridor which opens into the echoing hall, the rooms leading one into another all full of precious things, the statues and the painted walls, the ornaments, the jewels and the gold, sparkling "comme des fleurs sorties d'un sol miraculeux." The story is too vivid to be imaginary, the parallel is too close to be an accident. It rests, I am sure, on genuine tradition, on true tales of rifled tombs and of the finding in them of old, as now once again, of "Le trésor sans fond."

Looking at a few pictures to-night of the world below the sea, it is not my science, it is the "Arabian Nights" again that leap to my mind and help to fill the pictures in. For here we have just what Abdullah of the Sea showed to Abdullah of the Land, when he took him by the shoulder and plunged with him into his Kingdom of the Sea. "Open your eyes," said the Sea-king, and the fisherman opened his eyes, and saw such a kingdom as no mortal eyes had seen since the world began. "Une sérénité régnait sur les montagnes et les plaines du fond" —(it is, as you see, a French translation that I am in the habit of reading)—"et la lumière était délicate qui se baignait autour des êtres et des choses dans les transparences infinies et le splendeur des eaux." Here were trees of coral, white and black and rosy red, in forests where never leaf or branch stirs; silver sands with all sorts of pearly shells, gaudy fishes like flowers and like fruits, like scaly lizards and gay-plumaged birds; gems of every kind; tall sponges ranked like a silent army guarding the vast solitudes of the deep; and a "végétation de folie qui se dodelinait sur des espaces grands comme des royaumes." Did ever naturalist draw a picture so vivid or more true than

this, which the fisherman told the poet and the poet told Scheherazade, and Scheherazade related to Donizade and the King?

Were these pictures of ours drawn from the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea (where Abdullah had his kingdom) they might be still more rich and strange and wondrous; they are very beautiful as they are, though they come but from a corner of this cold North Sea of ours. They come from Heligoland. We had, once upon a time, hard thoughts of that little island, with its tunnelled cliffs, huge guns, sea-craft and air-craft, all manner of armament, the grimmest outpost of the sea. But Heligoland was a place of peace, a home of quiet learning, long ere it became a great, grim rampart of war. Here, for long years together, Gätke, best of all students of bird-migration, watched in spring and autumn the innumerable birds, rare birds and common, which, all wearied out, find a traveller's welcome and brief resting-place on the rock; and here a little band of naturalists, Professor Heincke and others, old friends of mine, have for years studied the ways of the herring and many another silent secret of the sea.

The world below the sea is another world to ours. The light of the sun comes soft through the green water in the shallows; a little deeper down there is neither sun nor shadow, but only an opal gleam; and the gleam fades to a glimmer till in the greater depths perpetual darkness reigns, save for the little phosphorescent lamps which certain of the roving deep-sea people bear. Heat and cold are tempered even in the shallows, a few score fathoms down summer and winter pass away, in the lower depths it is always chilly and wintry and all but icy cold. There is no unrest of wind or wave save only on the surface; below the waves there is perpetual calm, and the mighty currents of the ocean, which moving seem asleep, drift on too slowly and gently to be perceived.

There is yet another great and curious difference. Gravity itself is attenuated, and for the soft watery bodies of the simpler creatures it is all but lost in the buoyancy of the sea. Now, the force of gravity is the most potent, most persistent force we know. We turn it to account, we make friends with it—



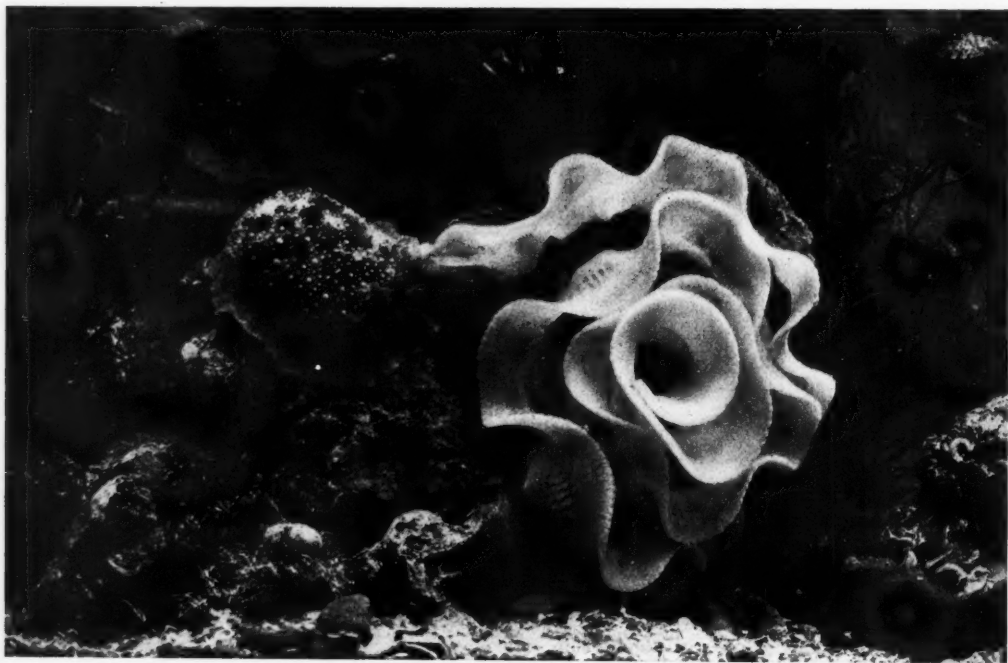
A NORTH SEA OYSTER BANK

for without it we could neither walk nor stand ; but it is a subtle enemy all the while. We toil and labour against it every time we raise a limb, our hearts beat against its pitiless resistance night and day ; it wears us out in the end and triumphs over us, it lays us on our death-bed, it lowers us into the grave. Down in the sea it is always there, but strangely weakened. Down there the diver wears a dress that would drag him down on land ; but under water he is limber in his leaden boots, and the great metal helmet sits lightly on his head. He wears them because he is accustomed to call gravity his friend, because he cannot

the heavy load of leaves or fruit weighs down twig and bough ; but even the bare branches in winter-time are and have been weighed down by gravity, and would look very different were its force lessened or removed. Without it the daffodil would not nod its head, nor the apple fall from the tree. The seaweed when the tide goes down falls limp and formless, but under water it grows erect and almost every tiny frond spreads upward. This is what we see in our picture of brown seaweed. We must not say too much, for gravity is still hard at work, as best it can, and every here and there a drooping frond has

given way to it ; but the whole picture is a scene of exquisite lightness, as of things all but relieved of all their weight and burden.

The picture is on a small scale ; we must enlarge it in imagination to a square yard or so to see these brown weeds as they grow. The dark tuft on the left-hand side is the sea-oak, in whose close clusters the stickleback weaves his nest in spring. In the middle we see the knotted fucus with its multitude of little air-bladders, by which gravity is kept still more at bay so that the soft pliable shoots rise straight upright. On the right-hand we have the broader fronds of the bladder-wrack, and near by and streeling over the ground are the jagged fronds of the serrated fucus, which, because they have no bladders or floats at all, droop a little in the quiet water under gravity's attenuated power. We are in the "brown belt," the Laminarian zone, as Edward Forbes called it—the belt of shallow water just below tide-marks, below the green seaweeds of the shore. Here sea-urchins live, and common starfishes innumerable ; bright-coloured shore-fishes, like the wrasses, swim through the tangles and little spider-crabs scabble over them. In spring the big fat lump-sucker, Maggie Mucklebackit's cock-paddle, comes shoreward to lay its lumps of rose pink spawn among them. A little deeper down the brown seaweeds grow scarce and disappear ;



A SEA-SLUG (DORIS) LAYING ITS RIBBON OF EGGS.



MALE LUMPSUCKER OR "COCK-PAIDLE" GUARDING ITS SPAWN.

walk or move, as men move, without paying toll and tribute to gravity.

There is, then, a play of forces in the kingdom of the sea strangely different from our own experience, and these altered forces modify not only the lives but the very shapes and forms of the inhabitants. For, after all, the shape of a living thing is but a resultant of the many forces which act (or have acted) on it, within and without ; and take away or reduce the force of gravity and the whole balance of forces is changed. We know how a tree alters its whole outline with the seasons, as

we reach the belt of red weeds, the Floridean zone ; and before very long we pass these by and, coming to depths where the sun's rays cease to penetrate, we enter a vast region where no plant-life survives.

Our first picture is, to my thinking, a very beautiful one. It looks like a forest of weeds again, but they are not plants this time, but zoophytes, animal colonies where every little branch is, as it were, a street of doors and windows at which tiny polypes show their waving arms and hungry mouths. It is a bit of an oyster-bank, and on the right-hand side we see

the oysters, with their rough shells gaping a little open for the continual current to pass in and out that they may breathe and feed and live. We can tell that these oysters are but young ones; the shells have no crust of barnacles, and their edges or lips are thin. Crawling over the oysters is a sea-mouse, as beautiful a creature as a poor worm can hope to be, for the long tufts of bristles on his stumpy feet shine with the colours of the rainbow. Some twenty years ago, or perhaps less, there was what one might call a "boom" in sea-mice. Somebody had suggested that their shining bristles were the very thing for tying salmon-flies, better than a peacock's feather. So the trawl-fishermen kept every one they came across and found a ready market for them; at the height of the boom the market price of sea-mice went as high as eighteen-pence! But I suppose the sea-mouse flies caught no salmon; at any rate, the bubble was short-lived, and the price dropped in a very few weeks to what it had always been—*videlicet*, to nothing at all.

Towards the right and left of the picture are a couple of sea-squirts, or ascidians, which claim to be poor relations of our own—poor cousins many times removed. They look like half-transparent bags of stiff jelly, distended by the water within, which comes and goes by two visible apertures; and the colour of this kind is of the tenderest of sea green, like to the colour of the beryl stone. Down in Marseilles or Genoa or Naples you may see them in the market by the barrowload, for they eat them there as they eat almost everything, and they are nearly as good to eat as oysters—but not quite. The tall cluster of zoophytes in the middle is the silvery sertularian. There is a smaller tuft of the same on the left-hand side, and between the two is a little colony of the straw-like tubes of tubularia, whose polypes are so vastly bigger than those of the sertularians that we can see their heads and tentacles in the picture. The group of zoophytes to the right, where the sea-mouse is crawling, is the commonest kind of all, a kind which covers acres and miles of the bottom of the North Sea. It is called, in the queerest of hybrid Greek, "hydrallmania," after old Professor G. J. Allman of Edinburgh, who held the Chair between the days of Edward Forbes and Wyville Thomson of the *Challenger*, called to it over the head of the great Agassiz; and who knew more about zoophytes and about herring than any man of his day and generation. We can see many other things in this picture when we look close. In the middle foreground are tube-dwelling worms—the larger sandy tubes are those of a very common sort, which comes ashore by thousands and thousands on our St. Andrews beach after every storm; and half-hidden among these are the smaller, twisted, limey tubes of a little serpulid. I can just see the head and eyes and feelers of a big shrimp or prawn among these tube-dwellers.

A moment ago we spoke of Maggie Mucklebackit and her cock-paddle, and here we have the portrait of that very fish at hand. We pass from the "Arabian Nights" to the "Antiquary." Half-a-crown and a dram Mr. Oldbuck paid for a bannock-fluke and the cock-paddle. Or, rather, that randy Luckie Mucklebackit never got the dram; Miss Grizel saw to that: "The impudent quean had the assurance to come up and seek a dram. But, I trow, Jennie and I sorted her!" It is a bonny fish, as Maggie called it, and a common fish on our North Sea coasts; the salmon-fishers often catch it in their nets, especially in springtime, when it comes shoreward to breed. It ranges all over our North European coasts, even to Barents Sea; it has a home on the other side of the Atlantic; it goes north to southern Greenland, but a smaller cousin or brother takes its place in Arctic seas. It is a queer fish. The lower fins are glued together to form a sucker, by which it can fix itself to a rock. Its skin is thick and firm like a stiff jelly, its skeleton is of clear fine gristle, its only scales are a few rows of bony knobs down its back and sides. Its colour is steel blue

shot with green, but the smaller husband puts on a marriage garment adorned with brilliant red. He courts his more portly bride assiduously and chirps to her the while; you may hear him chirp and sing quite loud, as best he can, if you keep him in a tank or find him in a pool. Vain as he may be of his gay livery and his little song, no parent is more devoted. For when all her eggs are laid the hen (as the fishermen call her) swims away and takes no more heed of them, but the cock doffs his bright colours and settles down to domestic duties, like the little stickleback in our streams, and guards and tends the eggs for weeks together. He guards them sedulously, he grows fierce and angry when fish or crab or starfish or sea-snail comes by. When he can, he seizes the intruder in his mouth and drops him at a distance, and when he gets angry his bright colours reappear and his croaking voice is heard again; even the mother he warns off and hunts away. He not only guards but tends the eggs. He nuzzles the mass of spawn, he spreads it out thin, and makes holes in it that the sea water may penetrate to it all. Then, when there are no enemies to repel, he sits quietly beside the eggs, drawing water in at his gills all the while and puffing it out of his mouth in strong jets, as though it were (and perhaps it is) his firm intention and purpose to ventilate the nursery, to aerate the brood. So, at least, some say, but it might, perhaps, seem to others that the weary wretch merely pants and puffs and sighs during his tiresome vigil. This (however we may interpret it) is what he is doing in our



BROWN SEAWEEDS.

picture. Behind him, glued by her sucker to a rock, we can just see the hen. She is resting there awhile, for she does not part with all her eggs at once, but lays them in batches at intervals of a day or more, and she lays them in clumps not far from one another, so that her husband can look after them. By the time she is done and swims away he has a family of some 20,000 to attend to.

Let us look to-day at but one picture more, and that briefly. It shows us a sea-slug, whose pretty name is Doris, laying her eggs. These sea-slugs, like the fish we have just seen, come inshore to spawn, and two or three kinds of them we find plentifully here in the tide-pools in spring. The all but countless eggs are glued together in a broad ribbon, shining white, and the slug, creeping on its broad flat foot, wanders round and round, paying out the ribbon of spawn. This spiral ribbon so paid out or spun is beautifully crinkled or waved, and the pretty wavy crinkling is brought about in the simplest way imaginable. For the broad ribbon is not quite uniform, not made as with a machine, but it is drawn and stretched ever so little here and there, now on one side and now on the other, and the uneven length of the two sides of the tape so produced gives to its lengthening coils this frilled or wavy look. Many and many a spiral form, even to the sweetest wavy curl of a girl's ringlets, is brought about by Nature in this self-same simple way—by ever so little an inequality of length, by ever so slight a difference in the rate of growth, between the one side and the other.

(Photographs reproduced by kind permission of Professor Heincke).

THE NORTHDEAN HERD OF BRITISH FRIESIAN CATTLE



FRIESIANS ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

THE foundation of the Northdean Herd of British Friesian Cattle was primarily due to the fact that black and white cattle present a most attractive feature in any landscape, and it was due to this fact that I purchased some four or five Friesians five years ago. The introduction, however, of these cattle to a herd of good class non-pedigree shorthorns showed such astounding results as regards milk production that the matter distinctly called for further investigation. The fact that the then President of the British Friesian Society was a friend of mine enabled me to make the necessary enquiries as to the milking qualities of the breed, and as a result, when opportunity occurred, I picked up increasing numbers of good specimens. The milk yields of each cow purchased further proved their sterling qualities in this respect, and gradually I was compelled to give up my small pedigree herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle and the milking herd of non-pedigree shorthorns in order to make room for the "black and whites."

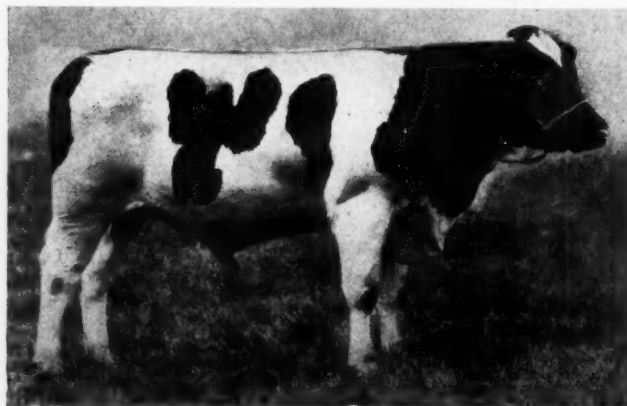
I then looked into the feeding side of the question and started a system of feeding each cow on a balanced ration, strictly in accordance with her milk production, and, to be precise, tried feeding 3lb. of concentrated food, composed of ordinary feeding stuffs (largely bran), to each gallon of milk produced. The first cow I tried on this system proved to be, at the end of the year, the first 2,500-gallon cow in the country, and, indeed, I believe in Europe. Naturally, upon such results, instructions were given that the whole herd should be fed on the same system.

The Friesian breeder, in attaining the results of the last few years, is often accused of "forcing" the cows. Personally I do not believe that any animal is capable of being "forced" for a period of twelve months, and certainly, so far as the Northdean Herd is concerned, it is exactly the opposite of forcing: that is to say, if the production goes up, the cow gets so much more, whereas if production goes down, so much less food is given out.

The aim of the Northdean Herd has been to establish a herd of heavy milking cows, but at the same time only to include cows in the herd which are typical of the breed and possess size, depth and constitution. The records of the herd, which now consists of fifty to sixty breeding animals in addition to young stock, show that these objects have to some extent been attained, as the herd has, during the last few years, won a great many inspection prizes at all the leading shows, including championships for the best animal, and, at the same time, has had a considerable share in the success attained at the London Dairy Show in the milking trials. The average milk yield of cows and heifers, whose lactations finished during the year ending September 30th, 1922, is 1,190 gallons; while the first-calf heifers included in the list

average 1,065 gallons, figures which amply demonstrate the outstanding qualities of the Friesian breed, *viz.*, the large production of milk, but especially—and what is much more important—the power of being able to breed with certainty heavy milking progeny from heavy milking dams. As an instance of this, a family in the Northdean Herd descended from a 2,000-gallon cow, Kingswood Myrtle, is an outstanding example. In an illustration on the next page there will be found a reproduction of one of Myrtle's daughters, all of them are very heavy milkers. At to-day's date Myrtle Leaf has given 1,358 gallons in 242 days, 3.63 butterfat; Kingswood Elaine, another daughter, 1,345 gallons in 212 days, 3.05 butterfat; Kingswood Ceres Myrtle, 546 gallons in 94 days, 3.30 butterfat; while she yielded last lactation, with her first calf, 1,313 gallons in 270 days, 3.26 butterfat. Another daughter, Fashion, is a heavy milker, and yielded well over 1,000 gallons with her first calf. The stock bull Dell Hollander is likewise descended from heavy milking Dutch families, his great-dam having given over 1,300 gallons for six consecutive lactations, and is a proof of the value of milk ancestry. His only daughter in milk in the Northdean Herd yielded 1,091 gallons, 3.39 butterfat, with her first calf. On looking at my milk records, with the object of giving these figures, I find ample evidence of the reason for my first admiration of the Friesians, as I see that Cymric Melba, the first cow I purchased, has given, up to to-day, in the last lactation, with her fifth calf, 1,539 gallons in 323 days, 3.96 butterfat, and is still milking; while the second cow I bought, Cymric Cheeky, is yielding 8 gallons a day, after being second in the butter tests at the recent London Dairy Show, while in 1920 she carried off the Shirley Cup for the heaviest milker of all breeds in the show. Neither have I had any reason to decrease my enthusiasm by reason of disappointment in my home-bred stock, as Northdean Victoria, the first heifer calf born in the herd, yielded 1,072 gallons in 304 days with her first calf, was exhibited at the Dairy Show in 1921, has again been at the Dairy Show in 1922 (naturally having calved in between), and is to-day yielding 6 gallons a day; which reminds me that this heifer and another, Beccles Silver Queen, answer the oft-repeated statement that the Friesian does not breed a calf a year. Beccles Silver Queen was at the Dairy Show in 1921 and yielded 1,049 gallons in 284 days with her first calf, and was at the recent Dairy Show in 1922 again, and is to-day yielding 6 gallons with her second calf.

The most interesting addition to the Northdean Herd recently is the young bull Northdean Marthus Beatty, purchased at the sale of South African imported cattle held in June last, as not only did he take second at the Royal at Cambridge (although giving away a great deal of age, his date of birth being November 26th), but news has just reached us from South Africa that his dam has yielded 2,180



NORTHDEAN MARTHUS BEATTY.

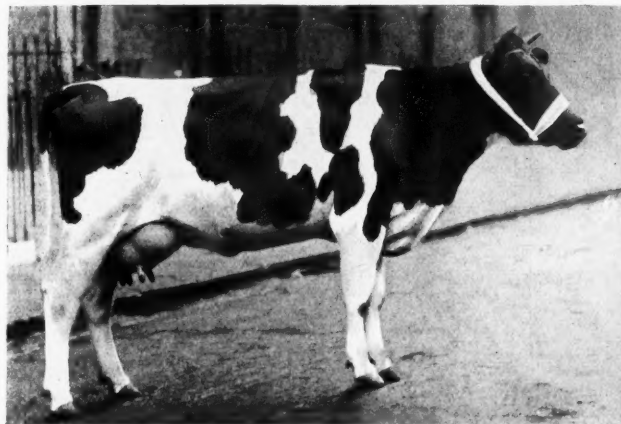
gallons in 300 days, with a butterfat percentage of 4.4; her previous lactation having been over 1,800 gallons, 4 per cent. butterfat. The important point to me is not merely the question of possessing a 2,000-gallon or 2,500-gallon cow (the herd containing three cows which have given over 2,000 gallons, and their progeny), but much more interesting is the average yield of a herd, and in this respect the lactations of twenty-four cows, which are finished or are on the point of finishing, from October 1st, 1921, to October 1st, 1922, are enlightening, and are given below:

Wigginton Saakje III	..	2nd calf,	1,019	gallons,	331	days.
Beccles Peggoty	..	2nd	1,751	"	331	"
Cymric St. Malo	..	1st	1,048	"	323	"
Rochford Royalty	..	2nd	1,000	"	365	"
Northdean Victoria	..	1st	1,072	"	304	"
Blackmore Ena	..	4th	1,182	"	294	"
Beccles Silver Queen	..	1st	1,049	"	284	"
Dunnald Florence	..	3rd	1,409	"	365	"
Colton Sunset II	..	4th	1,222	"	335	"
Kingswood Ceres Myrtle	..	1st	1,313	"	270	"
Seaton Ellen	..	1st	1,091	"	365	"
Clockhouse Vic Bloss	..	2nd	1,396	"	365	"
Beccles Dorawijk	..	2nd	1,086	"	290	"
Brooklands Pride	..	—	1,249	"	263	"
*Colton Sunray	..	1st calf,	1,221	"	327	"
*Cymric Melba	..	5th	1,539	"	323	"
*Colton Bram Sunset II	..	2nd	1,198	"	317	"
*Terling Larkspur III	..	4th	1,257	"	271	"
*Clockhouse Vic Bloss	..	3rd	1,210	"	266	"

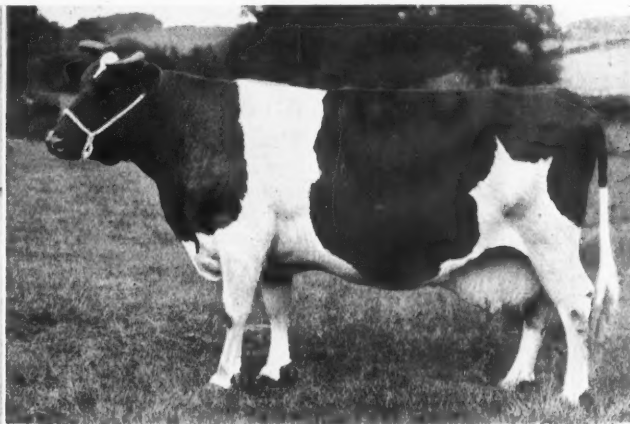
*Welland Johandorp	..	2nd calf,	1,062	gallons,	246	days.
*Kingswood Myrtle Leaf	..	4th	1,358	"	242	"
*Terling Floss Hall	..	3rd	1,156	"	232	"
*Terling Door III	..	3rd	1,082	"	222	"
*Kingswood Elaine	..	4th	1,345	"	212	"
*Beccles Queen Mary	..	3rd	1,125	"	208	"

* Still milking. † Winner of Shirley Cup, London Dairy Show, 1922, for largest yield of all breeds.

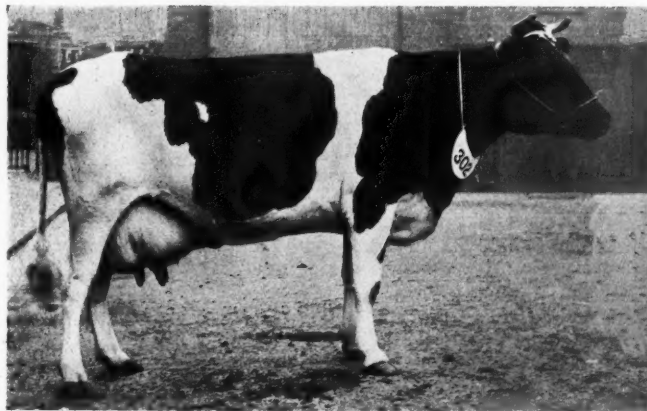
This list also contains proofs that the heavy milking Friesian is not a "bag of bones," as several of the heavy milkers are big prize-winners in inspection classes. Kingswood Elaine, for instance, which has given 1,345 gallons in 212 days, has won this season two championships, three firsts, one second and two thirds. She is still giving over 5 gallons to-day, and must have travelled this summer literally thousands of miles to shows, and is an example of the docile, equable temperament of the British Friesian. Colton Sunray, 1,221 gallons with her first calf, is a noted winner in the prize-ring. Ceres Myrtle, 1,313 gallons with her first calf, was second at the Royal as a yearling, first at the London Dairy Show, and has taken many prizes since, showing that quality and high yields can go together. The Northdean Herd also amply demonstrates the constitution of the breed, as the cows live chiefly on the bleakest and steepest hills in the Chilterns, many of the fields being 600ft. above sea level. The soil, such as there is, is very light, with chalk subsoil, and in addition most of the grass fields have been laid



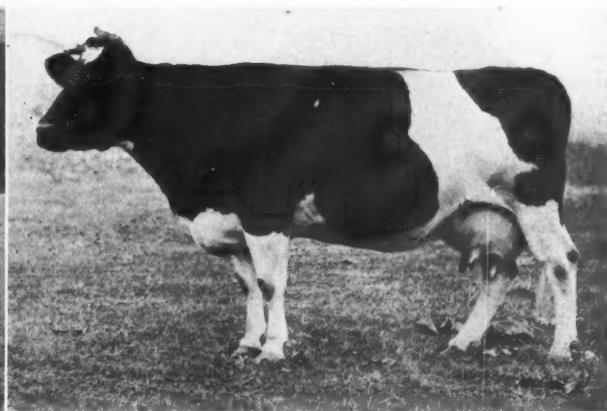
CERES MYRTLE.



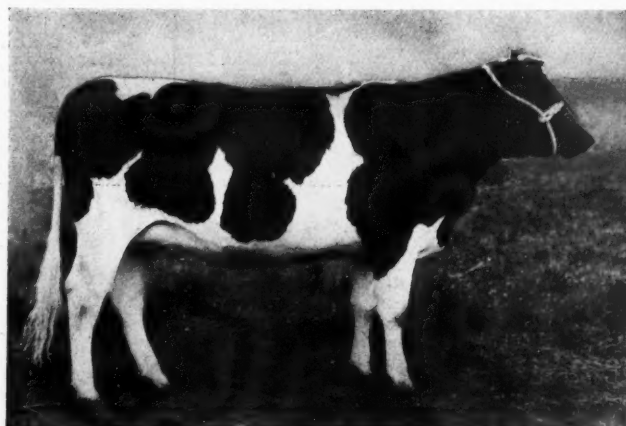
MOORDALE MEIBLOEM.



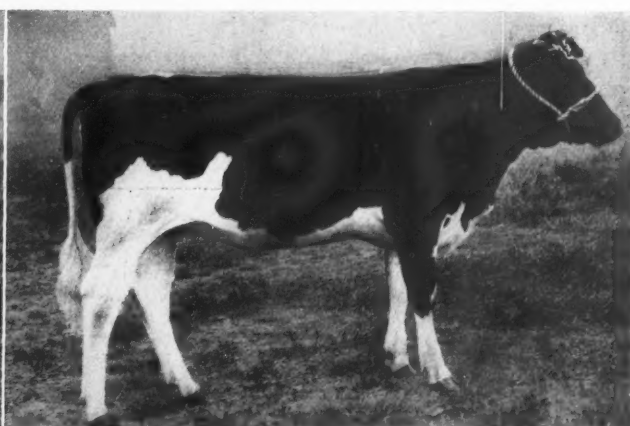
CYMRIC CHEEKY.



KINGSWOOD MYRTLE.



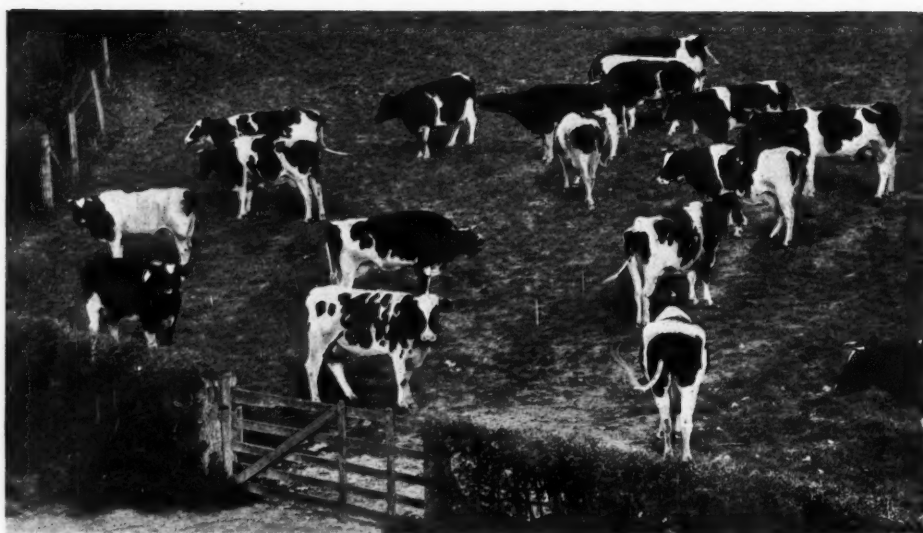
NORTHDEAN MEIBLOEM



BONNIE ANNIE.

down since the war. The cattle, although kept in at nights for the winter months, are out every day and in all weathers. All the summer months, with the exception of, perhaps, a little maize or kale, fed at night in the fields in the late autumn, the herd depends entirely on the pastures, apart from the concentrated food fed as stated in the first part of this article. As to feeding the concentrated food, I have no doubt whatever as to its commercial side. The rations do not exceed 1½d. per lb. and 3lb. a gallon, or say cost 4d. per gallon at the most, and certainly an average of 1,190 gallons would not be obtained unless such rations were fed. On the other hand, it is now an admitted fact that it is the extra gallons that bring in the profit and reduce the very heavy overhead costs of the first gallon produced, and any dairyman would be very pleased indeed to present the cow with 4d. a gallon extra so long as she returns it in a correspondingly heavy output.

The young stock, after their first winter, are out day and night, and on the bleak Chilterns they grow and thrive in an extraordinary way, the soil no doubt contributing to bone and



MILKING TIME.

under the impression that the heifer, whose milk glands, etc., are developed as early as possible, will in after life turn out to be a heavy yielder, although it is the intention to allow a rest between the first and second calves.

Finally, I think I may say that a combination of type, quality and milk is obtainable even in a country which few would think suitable for the establishment of a dairy herd. Leaving out the commercial aspect, no breed of cattle is so interesting to have around one's house. It is gratifying to receive the large "milk" cheque brought in by the Friesian; but the docility of the breed in the fields, the friendliness of the youngsters, and the appearance of the "black and whites" in the valleys and on the surrounding hills are all features of Friesian breeding, and add to its charms.

G. HOLT-THOMAS.

size. All heifers are served to calve shortly after they are two years old, and experiments are being tried with one or two this year to calve their first calf not later than two years old, the usual time in the herd being from two to two and a half years. This is following the example of the Dutch breeder,

THE MAGIC HILL OF DODOSI

AN INCIDENT FROM AN ELEPHANT HUNTER'S DIARY.

By W. D. M. BELL.

THE incident I am about to tell is not only one of the vivid kind of things which linger always in the memory, but it is also one of the kind of things which we call luck, but which the Africans regard as a manifest sign of the possession of "medicine." When a reputation for "medicine" in hunting has been thoroughly established, smooth and easy is the path of its happy possessor.

It happened in Karamojo, at our base camp in Dodosi. The site of the camp in itself was weird or full of the suggestion of "medicine." It nestled under a huge smooth rounded stone the size of a little mountain about 400ft. high. It was quite without soil, but was the sleeping place of hundreds of enormous baboons. The skin of the big dog baboons is worn by the Karamojan men at dances and is in great demand. Whenever I wanted to reward a native I shot him a dog baboon. This pleased him and cost me little.

There was some peculiarity about the shape of this hill, for when I fired my rifle at one part of it the report would be magnified a score of times and the echoes would return and cross and crash into each other in a most extraordinary way, whereas when I fired

from another part the report would be immediately swallowed up or damped down so that it would be hardly audible a couple of hundred yards away. Round the base, this rock might have measured seven or eight hundred yards, and on one side of it there was a patch of heavy bush, while villages occupied the other parts. And now for the incident as it appeared to native eyes.

The *bwana* (myself) went out in the evening—carrying his rifle, certainly, but with no cartridges (they were in my trouser pocket). Those men who wished to go with him were turned back (I liked these evening strolls alone). Almost immediately (in reality about an hour) he returned with a huge elephant tusk with fresh blood on it, carrying it himself on his shoulder like an *manyamwezi* (porter). (True.) No man heard a shot fired, and yet two dead elephants were there and they were warm and

freshly killed. One of them had been killed with such strong "medicine" that its tusks could be pulled out. *Inshallah! Dhawa!* (By the grace of God, medicine!)

Now for the stroke of luck. I went out for my evening stroll alone with my .275, and a few cartridges in my trouser pocket. I circled the rock, came to the patch



"A HUGE SMOOTH ROUNDED STONE THE SIZE OF A LITTLE MOUNTAIN."

of bush, and was immediately conscious of the necessity for extreme caution. I stopped and listened and peered about. Do not forget, reader, that we were surrounded by villages, and that this patch of bush was used constantly by the natives. There could be no thought of big game in it unless, perhaps, a leopard; yet, here I was all strung up, listening for I knew not what. Hearing nothing, I moved on, but with the very greatest caution. I felt exactly as I always do when close to elephant; yet I had seen no sign of them and would have laughed if anyone had suggested there being any there. Suddenly, from the thick stuff in front of me there dashed away a large bull elephant in full panic-stricken flight. Crossing an opening in the bush, he fell flat in answer to the report of my rifle without my having consciously aimed it. Another elephant appeared in an opening further away and nearly stern on. He too fell flat in answer to my rifle, and again I had not consciously aimed it. I was now seized with a kind of trembling. "Well, I'm damned!" I said as I hurried towards them. Not finding them immediately in the thick stuff, the suggestion that it was a dream came forward, to retire again on the sight of an elephant on his belly with his legs stretched back underneath him and his chin flat on the ground, stone dead.

Hurrying on, I soon found the other one, and was curious to know where I had hit him. Search as I would I could not find the small hole. This is not as surprising as it may seem, for a small bore makes such a tiny hole and the spongy hide closes it up so effectually as to almost completely hide it; but when the hit is at any angle approaching a right angle there is a patch round the hole about an inch and a half from which the dried mud and dirt flies off on the impact of the bullet, leaving it slightly lighter in colour than the surrounding skin. In the centre of the light patch careful search and probing will usually show the tiny hole.

Returning to the first elephant, I had no difficulty in finding the bullet; it had been correctly placed for the brain. In walking round the animal's head I gripped the end of one tusk. It was loose. More mystery! Seizing the other, it was loose too! Shaking it from side to side, I gave a pull. It came out about three inches. I got excited and soon had it right out of its socket. The other one came too. I had never seen the like of this—it was my first running brain shot. The elephant, travelling about twenty-five miles per hour, had fallen with such force on its tusks as to burst asunder the enormously



THE BWANA RETURNS TO CAMP.

strong bone sockets which envelop the tusks for about a third of their total length and which require such a lot of hard axe-work in the ordinary way before the tusks can be freed from them. But here I had in two minutes drawn them out by myself and without a tool of any kind. I thought: "By Jove, this will astonish them in camp!"

After securing the two tails I picked up one of the tusks—it was infernally heavy, and I staggered off with it on one shoulder and my rifle and the tails in the other hand. Short as the distance was, it appeared quite long enough with this load up. On nearing camp I tried to assume as easy and indifferent an air as I could, helped in this, no doubt, by my difference in colour making it more difficult for the boys and natives to detect expression. The word went round and everyone turned out. My entry was made in deep silence. No one had heard a shot. "Medicine" was about. Pyjalé smiled.



". . . THERE DASHED AWAY A LARGE BULL ELEPHANT."

SPRINGTIDE IN THE FRUIT GARDEN

BY EDWARD A. BUNYARD.

TO most people the fruit garden in winter is a dull place; bare twigs and sodden soil offer little that is attractive. The eye of the gardener sees deeper, and though the trees seem dormant, sleep is yet far from them. In branch and bud, stores of the food reserves accumulated during the summer are silently hurrying here and there and building up the flowers on which the next year's crop depends.

Not less than his trees, the gardener knows no dormant period. For him the winter aspects of his garden are of prime interest, and its demands as great in the months which lie between November and March as during the rest of the year. When on a dry and balmy day his visitors come round to admire the fruit blossoms he may be human enough to reflect, as may the trees themselves, on the quiet winter labours which were the necessary preface. He will also realise that, amid all the beauty of flowertide, dangers lurk which need all his vigilance to surmount. Spring has brought the weevil from its lair, green fly have long ago concealed themselves in half-opened buds, and caterpillars no larger than threads may be found, showing their presence even when unperceived by the minute holes drilled in the tender leaves. In the trusses of flower small waxy, pearl-like drops tell of the apple sucker's presence.

For the fruit gardener, then, this is no time for leisurely contemplation of floral beauty, and, indeed, for him the month of May is often a period of trial and disappointment. The promise of abundant crops is often blasted by frosts or unkind winds, and even an over-generous sun may kill with kindness the promise of the spring. Taught by long experience, the gardener's mind hangs midway between hope and despair, and the memory of autumnal crops, often snatched, it would seem, from hopeless ruin, spurs him to vigilance. Against caterpillars, apple suckers and green fly spraying should be directed as soon as the petals fall. A wash containing nicotine will serve all purposes, or a useful remedy, as easy to prepare as cocoa, is Katakilla, a non-poisonous and effective preparation. It has also the merit of killing the tough weevil. It is a cheering thought that in any moderate flowering season an immense number of flowers are produced which could not possibly all set fruit. If 10 per cent. only of the blossoms set and ripened fruit, a good crop of plums or cherries would be harvested, and it is a popular observation, which has been sustained by experiment, that a half crop of blossom gives more fruit than a full one.

The fruit once set, the next problem presents itself, that of thinning, and here we touch a tender spot. The saying *trop de zèle* fails in this case. It may be doubted if anyone has ever thinned too heavily. Visit any fruit store in winter

and reflect upon the piles of small, misshapen, unripened fruit which can serve no useful purpose, all of which represent so much good material taken out of the soil, so much drain on the tree which must be made up, so much wasted labour in gathering and carting to the rubbish heap. Let us rise superior to our human desires and with a ruthless hand suppress the feeble and badly placed fruits. Let no democratic sympathies no theories of equal chances invade the fruit garden. Some fruits are well placed; to them the place in the sun and the honoured place on our tables! Shy, shrinking fellows lurking in shady corners, malformed or injured individuals, are better dead.

It will perhaps be feared that such floral frightfulness may defeat its own ends, and the lust for suppression, growing on what it feeds, may stop short of nothing less than extinction. Let us here, therefore, interpose a rule of thumb which will serve as a guide. In apples and pears, if a good crop is set, let us see that each fruit is distant from the next by the breadth of an outstretched hand, say, 10 ins. Not more than one fruit to a spur should be left on young trees where the spurs are 6 ins. apart, but on old trees where spurs are many and close this would be far too many, and it is to these that the law of the outstretched hand applies.

Thus the method: the time must next be considered. In most years a large number of fruits are cast off in June, the so-called June drop. It will therefore be well to delay thinning until, say, the end of June in most years. In an early season it can, of course, be advanced a week or two. To the fruit-lover there are few more pleasant operations than this summer thinning, and to the writer the peaceful sunlit hours between tea and dinner seem rightly attuned to it.

A pair of stout scissors completes the necessary outfit, and much gratitude will await the cutler who will invent a pair which will have broad finger pieces. An hour or two with grape scissors usually results in sore fingers, easily avoidable given a proper implement.

So we pass among our trees and savour their fruits by anticipation. That espalier of Doyenne du Comice which did so well last year shows, alas! but little fruit. Here we may relax our rule a little, leaving two to a spur, as the total crop will not exceed a dozen or so. This William's apologises for its last year's failure by a dense crop. The rule must here be sternly applied. Here is an Olivier de Serres, that hard and leathery fruit when not fully ripened. This requires care. Sun only will bring it to perfection and a heavy crop is disastrous. Early apples and pears usually bear



C. Ponting.

IF 10 PER CENT. ONLY OF THE BLOSSOMS SET AND RIPENED, A MARVELLOUS CROP WOULD BE HARVESTED.

Copyright.



C. Leeston-Smith.

A KENTISH FRUIT FIELD.

Copyright.

more regularly than later kinds, probably because they are sooner off the tree, thus giving the parent more time in autumn to replenish its lost capital. These can therefore be allowed larger crops than the mid-season and late varieties.

Plums and cherries also very seldom require thinning in this country, but a thick crop of gages will not have the flavour that a half crop would possess.

Peaches and nectarines, those aristocrats of the fruit garden, need, like all aristocrats, a certain isolation to develop their full quality. Here the rule is 1ft. apart in every direction. Thanks to the reverent treatment we accord these fruits in this country, we can offer them without fear to our Italian and French friends. In the favoured lands of these two nations peaches thrive too easily to be treated with the deference they need. To be grown on a standard tree and thrust pell mell into a bushel basket little accords with the regal peach, and it refuses to display those gracious qualities which endear it to dwellers in more northern climes.

No fruit better repays thinning than the humble gooseberry, usually the pomological plebeian of the garden, but quite capable, like most of us, of responding to kindly treatment. And here, fortunately, the thinned fruit can be used green. If left until half grown they are in finest condition for bottling, and the remainder will ripen and develop a flavour greatly improved by their easier circumstances.

Thinning once over, the fruit-grower may pause awhile until the question of summer pruning comes forward. There is one point, however, that deserves mention, and that is the danger of spring droughts, which so often imperil our developing fruits. Especially is this so in shallow rooting plants like strawberries. For these water should certainly be given should there be the slightest signs of need. For other fruits a mulch of stable dung or, failing that, even grass from the lawn mower will greatly aid in retaining the water already in the soil. Trees on walls are especially likely to suffer in the warm days of June should it be dry. The wall itself, if of brick, is a sponge which competes for water only too successfully with the roots, and the result is often seen in the dry bark and yellow leaves of wall trees. Especially do the later pears and apples need a sufficient water supply. The best means is, of course, to add some absorbent material to the soil, such as stable manure. Failing this, a surface mulch to prevent evaporation must be relied upon and, lastly, actual watering. The last must, however, only be done provided a good hoeing follows. Water alone on most soils leaves a caked, hard soil, and the last state is then worse than the first. Water, then, and hoe, but in any case hoe.

The beauties of flowers are recognised by all, but as there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, so also in our gardens there is a quiet, philosophic satisfaction in the vegetable garden. An epicurean spirit of anticipation may be exercised among the fruit trees, and it is certain that garden owners will find that an interest in the more practical side of the garden will not be without its reward. An old French writer said at the end of a long treatise on fruit trees, "All the precepts in this book and all its rules will be wasted if you do not love your

trees." We leave the psychologist to explain the cause, but maintain that the fruits you have watched in their development from the flower onward have a savour not to be found in the chance acquaintance of the restaurant dessert—however expensive.

HOW TO USE SPRING FLOWERS

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE blooming-time of rosemary brings to mind a way of using it that I first saw in one of the outer Venetian islands, where it was trained against some low walls, making a complete covering. It may well be advised for such use, and it is all the better if it forms a background to pink China roses. There are many places on house walls under windows where a wall covering plant is wanted; something that either does not grow high or that can be conveniently trimmed, and for this nothing can be better than the ever-welcome rosemary. Then the China roses, seen from outside against the dusky green, and their higher blooms showing from inside the room, are a delight from both aspects. Besides a number of the spring-flowering plants, such as the later daffodils, the early tulips, dionysiums, wallflowers, primroses and forget-me-nots, April and May are rich in several of the less common plants specially suited for woodland, or for those pleasant places that occur in some gardens where woodland adjoins the garden. One of the earliest of these will be the white-bloomed *Dentaria pinnata*, with cruciferous flowers intensely white, and five-parted foliage intensely green. A good companion, also shade loving, is *Omphalodes verna*; that in the north goes by the pretty name of blue-eyed Mary, a plant of the forget-me-not family, with ground-covering sheets of wholesome leaves and bloom of a perfect blue. These are soon followed by the *Uvularias*, North American plants, of which the best is *U. grandiflora*. In habit it looks like a small Solomon's Seal, but the zin. long, hanging flowers are bright yellow; it is a graceful and pretty plant.

The garden varieties of the anemone of our woodlands (*A. nemorosa*) are all charming in these shady and half-shady places, both the blue forms and the white. I have a treasured kind with large white flowers that was given me by that good gardener the late Miss Lowe. With these there should be the beautiful *Anemone apennina*, that does best on stiff soils. *Anemone angularis* is another precious plant, of the hepatica section, larger and more free-growing than the earlier hepaticas. Among other anemones *A. sylvestris*, though nearly a month later than those just mentioned, should not be forgotten. The specific name suggests that its place is in woodland, but for garden use it is almost better in the open. Among the desirable flowers for the wood edge is *Orobanchaceae*, or *Lathyrus vernus*, with its showy spikes of red-purple changing to blue; it grows into strong tufts that may be left undivided for several years. When the time does come for dividing it wants some care and patience, for the tightly packed mass of black root is nearly as tough as wire. The wood rush, *Luzula sylvatica*, now coming into flower, is a useful plant for covering any empty spaces in woodland or shrubbery edges. There is a silver striped variety that is also desirable.

One of the cares of the moment is the removal of weak growths in established clumps of delphinium; old plants of *Gypsophila* are also thankful for the same attention.

Where rather large flowers for indoor decoration are wanted it is advisable to have a good reserve patch of *Doronicum plantaginifolium*, grown specially for cutting. It is one of the flowers that increase in size when brought indoors; the great yellow daisy blooms open wide and flat when they have been two or three days in water, and measure 3½ ins. across.

THE KING'S VISIT TO ROME

THE INCOMPARABLE CITY

BY GERTRUDE BONE. ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE.

THE King and Queen choose wisely to visit Rome in the month of May, for the roses will be out on the Palatine Hill and in the house of the vestal virgins, the gardens of the villas will be at their brightest before the heat, and yet sunny enough to give one of the best pleasures of an Italian garden, the sound of fountains in the shade of the ilexes. "But Rome is not much more than a big modern town with monuments here and there" is so often the disappointed cry of the tourist that I look back a little hesitatingly to my own first impression, only to find that it is not one impression at all, rather a succession of fortunate moments, of moments in which all conditions conspired to serene and happy enjoyment.

At the beginning of it all there does not come the memory of splendid building—that is later—but of colour, of roses and heavenly blue convolvulus in the gardens, the glow of the Quirinal chapel in the ruddy evening light, the amber of Bernini's navicella, the banked flowers on the Spanish steps, the seminarists in vivid mediæval costume pacing in the shade of the oleanders and ilex trees.

For even while one remains a wanderer and spectator in Rome and before one begins to delve in the centuries, there is enormous pleasure in the mere variety of its surface life. The cheerful acceptance of conditions and of the incongruous, which is a happy part of the Italian temperament, brings about oddities in domestic architecture. There are entertaining little gardens on roofs or half way up the steep house sides, even on the roof of St. Peter's itself, and what is in front an imposing pagan building and a ducal palace may be in the rear inhabited by the charcoal-seller and the saddler. The extravagance of tossing water in the fountains on days when the shadows lie like mats upon the street brings a certain animation and sound within the drowsiest day. The hooded wine carts from the Campagna, the artificers working within the reflected light of the doorways, the local markets and fairs and the customs belonging to each,

the Epiphany Fair in the Piazza Navona, that of midsummer in St. John Lateran's are only succeeded in the memory by the great benediction in the dusk of St. Peter's on Holy Thursday, the lingering golden light behind the Palatine Hill and Caesar's ruined palaces, the living green corn among the tombs of the Latin way, the broken splendours of the Campagna and the Sabine hills in snow. After a while one begins to "locate" Rome. To watch from the Pincian Hill that heavy golden air tinging the churches and roofs of the town and to hear the Angelus loosed suddenly over the housetops at midday, or to see the city settling in the sunlight from the Janiculum Hill, is to taste of sudden desires and curiosities with regard to the Eternal City. One picks out and traces monuments, fitting them with the appropriate names and histories remembered from schooldays, and then all at once one takes them seriously, finding with a sense of human richness the deep deposit of civilisations within the small arena of the city of Rome.

Pagan Rome of the markets and business houses and senate and political intrigues disappoints a little in situation. There is not the magnificent natural advantage of Athens or even of ancient Corinth. And sometimes on a sunny morning, when the green lizards are slipping quietly in and out of the roses in the atrium of the vestal virgins, one realises that at its most complete reanimation the site of an ancient city can never be other than a broken stage across which imperial shadows pass with scarcely an echo. Bargaining and market crowds, revolutionary speeches from the rostra, chariots and dandies, the emperor passing to the games, the foreign prisoners and slaves, the sacred processions all move soft and voiceless, not jostling and noisy within the imagination, but in the orderly manner of history books, cleanly too and controlled. One takes away certain impressions. One gathers that the state of the emperors was small compared with their munificence, which impresses now as it was meant to do then. The baths of Diocletian and Caracalla convey the idea of a great way of doing things befitting



THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL, WHERE KING GEORGE IS STAYING.

one's most prodigal notions of an emperor. One can trace the marvellous capacity and sinews of the Romans in their building and engineering wonders. Yes! the archaeological curiosity is very absorbing. It is, in fact, the real Roman fever, and if you catch it, it is a lingering illness. It is possible to live very pleasantly in a history which is all finished and done with, which is laid tidy and emptied of people and for the responsibility of which no one can possibly be taxed. It is possible to be astonished at the knowledge and common-sense of its structure and achievements and become aware how little we have advanced and how much they knew. Yet, in a moment's turning about it all sinks back, hidden by the cloud of Christian martyrs which fills the atmosphere of the second Rome.

It is curious that, no matter what religion gives place to another, there is a strange clinging to locality in worship, and in the few rods of ground covered by the little church of San Clemente there is a very complete instance of the continuity which gives the name eternal to the city of the seven hills.

The early Christian churches with their lovely ornament and architecture come to the acquaintance very gently. Their work is intimate, loving and pious. It seems as though the

new faith sought to commend itself rather than insist on the notice which it had good reason to fear and avoid.

From the beautiful upper church there is a descent to a lower church of San Clemente the martyr and the "third pope from St. Peter." For years it was impossible to go lower than the second church because a leakage from the Tiber kept all the substructure flooded. But within recent years it has been drained, and now below the subterranean church there is laid open a third place of worship, the walls like a cave, with accretions of Tiber deposit; but it is undoubtedly the temple of Mithras, with its stone altar in place, the shaft of the oracle undamaged and the statue on its pedestal. All round there is unmistakable evidence of republican building earlier still, a succession of four modes of worship covered by the roof of one tiny church.

In Florence and the north ideas of magnificence are secular, associated with princes, with trade guilds, with poets and craftsmen and painters, with the splendid Medici and palaces. But when magnificence enters Rome once more it is for the appropriate "staging" of the now triumphant faith. Pomp and State were to accompany the founding of a spiritual world-capital.



THE PANTHEON.

Zola found everything in Rome inflated. It seemed to him in the air, and that nothing could be done to an ordinary scale, and St. Peter's, we are told, is easily the largest Christian church in the world. Yet it is only when one walks round it to the back door of the Vatican on a hot day that one knows the size of these vast buildings. Once, too, when a great crowd filled the church at a festival, I had a sudden glimpse of things to scale; and to watch from the top of the steps or from behind the apostles on the roof of the porch the tiny figures crossing the piazza or standing beside the gigantic columns of the

and of shadow in the Roman heat, and homely affectionate happenings so characteristic of Italian Catholicism are sheltered by Michelangelo's great dome. Little children wander in unembarrassed, never doubting their place under the roof of God; families of peasants from the country kneel in groups; a large child holds up a small one to kiss St. Peter's toe; pilgrims wander in and are absorbed in the shadowy area. It needs a very large crowd of humans to make much effect in the immense roofed space. Once I saw such a crowd. It was on Holy Thursday evening after the washing of the high altar by the

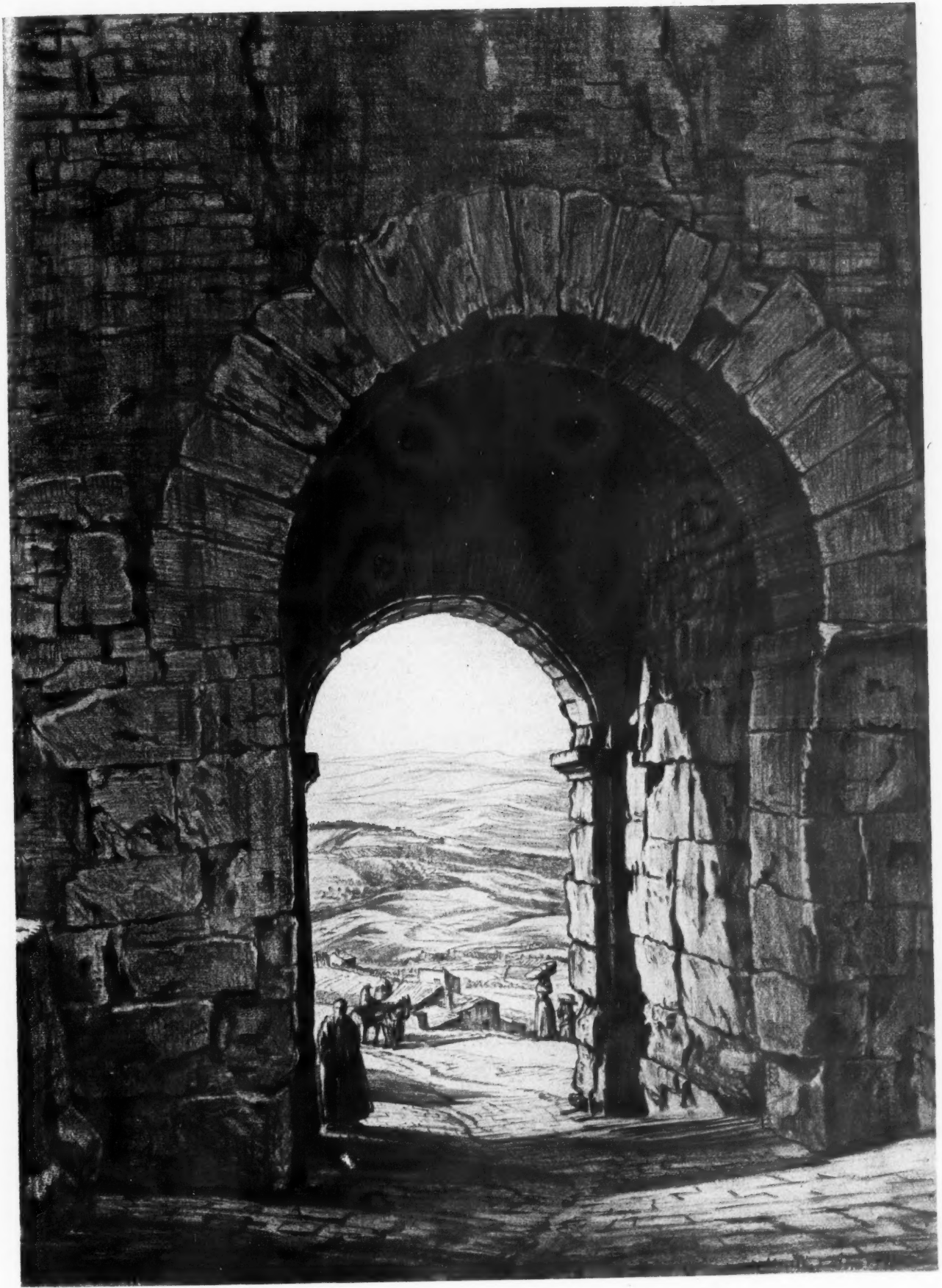


ST. PETER'S: ENTRANCE TO SACRISTY.

colonnade is to have great misgivings about one's own importance in such a setting!

It is true, though, that the first entrance into St. Peter's is puzzling. There is not the immediate impression of nobility and dignity which the interior of Santa Sophia conveys. In the Roman verses of D'Annunzio there are two fine poems on St. Peter's which give very well the sense of vast echoing quiet within which all the ceremonies move and are absorbed, like the whispering into an ear. There is a great sense of cool

cardinals and bishops of Rome. The benediction takes place from the balcony under the dome by the holding aloft of the relics venerated in the church. The crowd completely filled the church, silent and standing. There was a hint of gold high up in the dusk of the dome. The dim faces turned upward intent. The gold deepened and seemed to spread in the air, then took shape, remote, lifted above the crowd. The candles outlined the balcony, the priests moved within holding the costly reliquaries—the spear, the cross, the veil of St. Veronica.



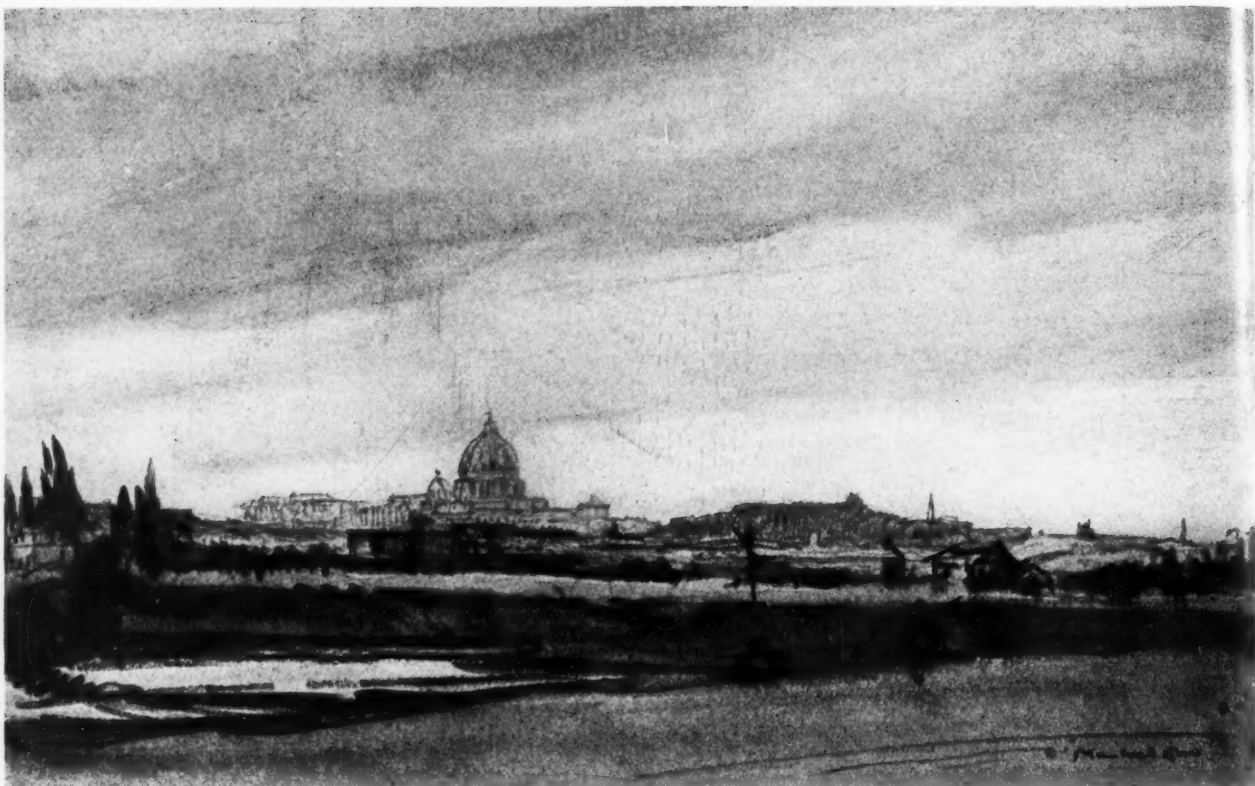
THE WAY TO ROME.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE SPANISH STEPS AND SANTISSIMA TRINITÀ DEI MONTI.



VIA CAPO LE CASE, WITH QUIRINAL CHAPEL ABOVE



DISTANT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S.

They were lifted high three times over the motionless crowd. Then the glow receded and the people passed in silence from the church. Theatrical? Maybe! In a country where the right gesture—*la bella figura*—counts for so much it seemed to have a certain rightness, a great thing at the heart of life impressively put.

And the hidden figure behind the state of the church?

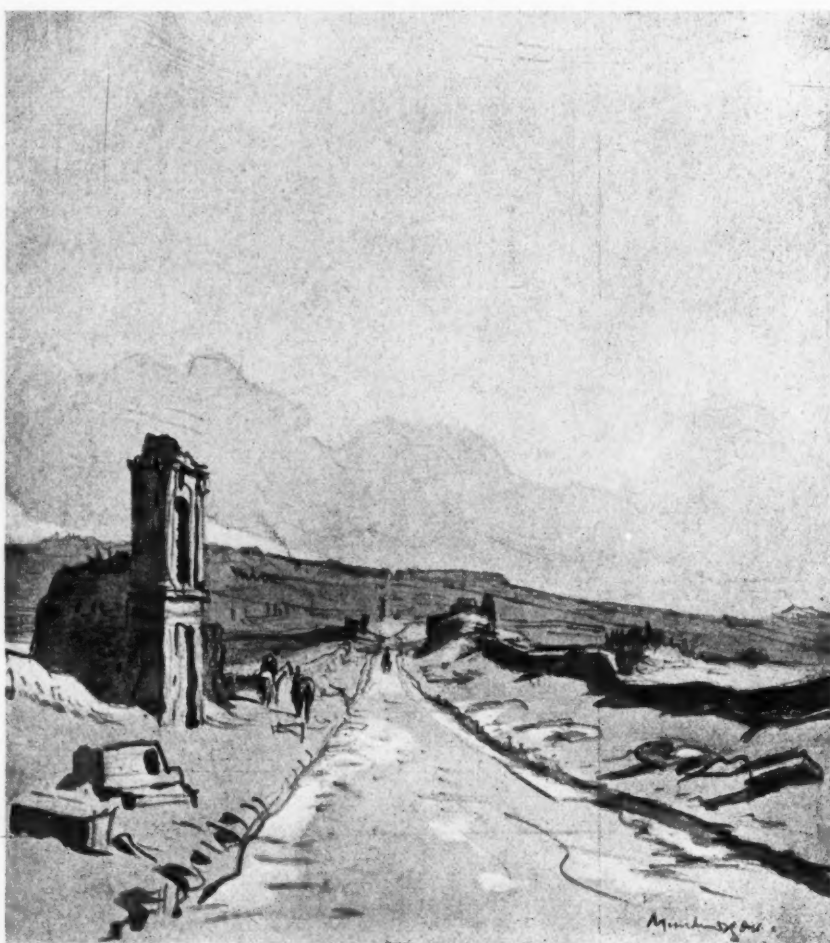
Though many of the objects of art in the Vatican galleries are of the nature of things one inherits rather than chooses, there are real and beautiful treasures of art and learning in its corridors and libraries. One cannot fail of curiosity with regard to their possessor.

On one occasion I had the fortune to enter the state portico of the Vatican beneath the colonnade of St. Peter's, pass the Swiss Guards in their precious uniform and mount the great staircase to be presented to his Holiness Pius X. The regulations were exact, dress severe, hour prompt. All had been complied with, stair after stair mounted, room after room passed and we stood within the small chamber (in

comparison) in which the Pope was to give us his blessing. The Noble Guard entered, imposing dignitaries in purple swept in and then a benign old man in a white habit just came into the room. There was a young priest in the company hardly more than a boy. This was his opportunity. It might never return. As the Pope passed from one to another the youth burst into eager, headlong questions. He came from

the Adriatic border and the people there wanted to know of their old friend. The dignitaries frowned, but the old man stopped. Had he not been at the beginning once? He asked the boy questions about his parish, told him that his leg was better but his deafness increased. He gave the boy his blessing. It was a pleasant little episode, and a kind and simple heart which refused to be hurried past the voice of affection and youth and trust.

Michelangelo once declared that the painting of easel pictures was only fit work for women and children. It seems that the air of Rome was too much for him also, and, though a Florentine, he could not do things on a small scale either.



THE APPIAN WAY.



GARDEN OF THE COLONNA PALACE.



AQUEDUCT ON THE CAMPAGNA.



THE FALLEN COLUMN.

Looking at the roof of the Sistine Chapel one feels that he had a kind of right to his disdain. The torturing energy which could be content with nothing less than that amazing ceiling had, indeed, any rights in the world it wanted. In thinking of pilgrimages to Rome, not the least interesting are the pilgrimages of art. From Dürer and Pieter Bruegel to Corot there has been a stream of painters from all roads in the world which end in Rome. But though Raphael also is seen in fine position in the Vatican, and there is the great Velazquez in the Doria Palace, it is architecture rather than painting which has the predominant attraction. There is St. Peter's itself and the Farnese Palace, Santa Maria degli Angeli of Michelangelo. Peruzzi and Bramante are figures also, and the embassies and palaces are an imposing part of Rome.

When the sitters of Ingres wanted local colour added to their portraits he hit upon the notion of introducing the Quirinal into the background. If you are curious about the length of the façade which makes one side of a narrow street leading to the entrance by which the King and Queen will enter the Royal palace of Italy, you may be assured that there are seventy-two windows on that face only. The door of the palace is more modest than that of many embassies, and a piazza full of children playing games is right at the King's front door.

How is it that one does not go more often to the Janiculum? St. Peter's seems always to get in the way and detain one on purpose. Yet Michelangelo's dome is seen nowhere to such advantage as from the terrace behind Garibaldi's statue, and the situation of Rome lying among the hills is as fine from that height as that of Pistoia sinking below as the train rushes past in a glory of sky and mountains.

Tasso's Arcadia, with its shadowy poets' fellowship and gentle inspiration, makes a kind of rest-and-be-thankful half way up the Janiculum like a green plant growing in an unlikely nook and never dislodged, one of the little human associations which are liked and fostered in Italy. Some day when I want to be really informed about the makers of united

Italy, I shall take a dictionary of biography and visit each bust on the Janiculum in turn. "I Superbi" (the proud) is the name given to the Romans by the rest of Italy; but they are not only Romans whom Rome has absorbed. They are lined up there in the alleys and walks of the Janiculum and Garibaldi on his horse mounts guard.

Rome is a place for lingering. You go away and suspect that she has more to give you than you have yet discovered. You come back to make new intimacies. You discover the

wider Rome of the Campagna and then within the low melancholy light of that wide green plain you see her "a little cloud at tether," and she draws you back like a magnet. There never was a richer human treasury. From broken materials the obstinate thing called life rebuilds itself. It was Rome when a king of England was led through its streets dishonoured and a captive. It is still Rome which receives the King and Queen of England to-day in honour and sympathy and union.

ANCESTRAL DAYS AND BELIEFS

PROFESSOR G. ELLIOT SMITH, in his introduction to Mr. Donald A. Mackenzie's *Ancient Man in Britain* (Blackie, 12s. 6d. net), points out that the great merit of this writer is due to his not confining himself to any one class of evidence. He taps knowledge at all sources and sets aside the hard and fast delimitation by stones inferred by the use of the words palæolithic and neolithic. With a wider sweep in addition to physical conformation and implements, that is to say, geological history and the discovery of bones and weapons, he takes into account the customs, beliefs and humanities of the periods. Thus he is able to make a more intelligent identification of races. The fascination of the book lies chiefly in the way in which the men of antiquity are linked on to the men of the Middle Ages. The Crô-Magnons who succeeded the Neanderthals are not to be conceived as primitive in the popular sense. The picture which is accepted as the primitive inhabitant of Great Britain is that of a naked, clumsy warrior, club in hand and shaggy as to his hair; in a word, more simian than his simian progenitors. The fact is established now that the Crô-Magnons were essentially modern. "They would," says our author, "dressed in modern attire, pass through the streets of a modern city without particular notice being taken of them." One branch attained an average height for the males of 6ft. 1½ins., with broad chests and long shin bones, indicating swiftness of foot, thus differing from their predecessors the Neanderthals, who had short shins and bent knees and must have been slow and awkward in gait. The hand of the Crô-Magnon closely approximated to that of the most civilised man of to-day. An examination of the head of a Crô-Magnon man which serves as frontispiece and is reproduced from "Men of the Old Stone Age," by Henry Fairfield Osborn, fully justifies this high opinion. The face might have been that of a sage or a statesman, or, indeed, of a great business magnate of the twentieth century. At any rate, his face goes far to substantiate Mr. Mackenzie's dictum that—

The Crô-Magnons were no mere savages who lived the life of animals and concerned themselves merely with their material needs. They appear to have been a people of active, inventive, and inquiring minds, with a social organisation and a body of definite beliefs, which found expression in their art and in their burial customs.

The race is not so deeply engulfed in the past but that in it are rooted many of the superstitions of modern times. From their attitude to the sisters Death and Sleep much of our legendary poetry has been derived. Those early men seemed to have formed the idea that death was a prolonged sleep. From the fact that the cheeks of a man grew pale in sickness they drew the inference that rest and slumber were required to refresh and cure him. Thus death came to be regarded as but a deeper and more prolonged sleep, and provision was made for the time when the weakness would have passed away and the sleeper would have awakened and come forth with renewed vigour from the cave-house in which he had been laid. It is not going too far to connect this with the widely spread legends of sleepers that survive to our day. Charlemagne sleeps beneath his German hills; Frederick of Barbarossa, William Tell, King Arthur, the Fians and the Irish Brian Boroimhe are other famous sleepers. There were Frenchmen who believed for a long time that Napoleon was but sleeping and would return. Russians in the war with Japan looked to see General Skobelev awaken, and in very recent years it has been found difficult to convince people that Lord Kitchener, for instance, will not come back. The same is true in a degree of General Gordon, Sir Hector MacDonald, as it was true in olden times of James IV, and as it had been true of one who died long before him, Thomas the Rhymer. If we think what a vast amount of modern poetry and imaginative romance is based upon belief that the dead are not dead, a strong tie is found between the people of the Stone Age and those of the Christian centuries. In this connection it is curious to find in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" proof that ancient burial customs were carried out in Elizabeth's times. In the fifth

act of the play a priest urges that as the death of Ophelia was doubtful, she should have been buried "in ground unsanctified," that is, among suicides and murderers. It appears that "in Shakespeare's day traditional Pagan rites were observed in the burials of those regarded as Pagans." The priest in "Hamlet" says of Ophelia:

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.

In the Crô-Magnon graves are no shards, or fragments of pottery, but flints and pebbles mingle with shells, teeth and other charms and amulets. There are cases in which—

... heavy stones protected the body from disturbance; the head was decorated with a circle of perforated shells coloured in red, and implements of various types were carefully placed on the forehead and chest.

The body of the Combe-Capelle man "was decorated with a great number of fine Aurignacian flints. It appears," adds Osborn—that in all the numerous burials of these grottoes of Aurignacian age and industry of the Crô-Magnon race we have the burial standards which prevailed in western Europe at this time."

As we are touching here only on a few of the sidelights thrown on ancient man, it may be interesting to glance on the part that man's friend, the dog, has played in early history. The domesticated dog was introduced into the Baltic area from Asia by the Maglemosians. He proved to be a blessing without any disguise, as he was a sturdy and competent aid in hunting, and at night the dog acted as the camp guard. We can see the importance of the part he played by the high religious tribute paid him. The hunter thought that when he was called to the other world "His faithful dog would bear him company." Our author is running over with interesting facts bearing on the worship of the dog. In ancient Egypt the dog-headed Anubis was the guide and protector of souls. As the "Wild Huntsman" the Scandinavian god Odin rides through the air followed by dogs. Cuchullin is "Cu" (the dog) of Culann because he kills the dog of Hades and takes its place until another is found. It is a common belief even to-day that dogs howl by night when a sudden death is about to occur.

EDMUND LODER.

Edmund Loder: *Naturalist, Horticulturist, Traveller and Sportsman.* A Memoir by Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bt. (John Murray, 18s.)

"THERE was a report like a pistol shot as the beaver dived from the roof of his lodge, but we watched our guest. He was on his knees, praying to kangaroos. Yea, in his bowler hat he kneeled before kangaroos—gigantic, erect, silhouetted against the light—four buck-kangaroos in the heart of Sussex!" Readers of "Steam Tactics," who remember the terrifying adventures of the kidnapped policeman, may have supposed that the zoological climax of that diverting story leapt out of Mr. Kipling's fertile brain. However, he proceeds to explain: "England is a most marvellous country, but one is not, till one knows the eccentricities of large landowners, trained to accept kangaroos, zebras, or beavers as part of its landscape." There is, in fact, just such a place in the heart of Sussex, called Leonardslee; and the landowner in question was Sir Edmund Loder, whose "Life" has been written by his friend, Sir Alfred Pease. All sportsmen and naturalists—and most of the best sportsmen are also naturalists—will be grateful to Sir Alfred Pease for having carried out his difficult task. Excepting a few journals of his early travels, Edmund Giles Loder, second baronet (1849–1920), left behind him almost nothing written. He was most emphatically a man who did things. He was "an astronomer, he understood optics and optical instruments, he was an expert photographer, a great zoologist, a practical naturalist, a botanist, a great horticulturist and arboriculturist, he understood ballistics, was a skilled mechanic and armourer. In addition he was a thoroughly equipped and experienced sportsman, a hard rider to hounds, a good shot with a gun and one of the best with a rifle, a good fisherman; he had been a fine athlete, and till quite late in life was an energetic dancer. Edmund Loder could draw well and knew more than most people guessed about art, music, gems, jade, carving and curios." If he excelled in any of these various activities more than in others, it was as a sportsman—naturalist and as a horticulturist. In 1873 he crossed the Atlantic in a paddle-steamer and visited many of the "show" places of America, including Salt Lake City, where he attended a meeting at the Tabernacle, of which he gives a graphic description, but missed seeing Brigham Young, who was engaged at the funeral of one of his seventeen wives. During this trip also he shot several American bison; possibly he was one of the last Englishmen to do so. The animals were still to be

found in herds of hundreds, but they were rapidly being exterminated; we read of a man who killed fifteen hundred in six weeks! Railways and magazine rifles sealed the doom of the wretched creatures, and with them disappeared the livelihood of the Indians. The trophies collected in that summer formed the nucleus of the famous museum at Leonardslee, which in some respects is the most wonderful private collection in this country. As a gardener Sir Edmund Loder was chiefly known for his rhododendrons, which Mr. J. G. Millais describes in an interesting chapter. The climate and soil of Leonardslee are peculiarly favourable to these plants, and there among the beavers and kangaroos may be seen some of the most beautiful flowers in the world. Lord Cottesloe and Mr. St. George Littledale contribute personal reminiscences of Loder as a marksman and hunter, and Mr. W. P. Pyecraft describes the Leonardslee Museum. Whether or not Loder was a great man matters little. He did well all that he set out to do; he was blessed in his circumstances and in his friends, and, until the loss of his son in the war, sorrow was a stranger to his family. Those who had not the happiness of his friendship will meet in this book a man of a rare charm and force of character, who followed throughout his life the best traditions of an Englishman.

THE BOOK OF IWERNE.

IT was probably a consideration of pronunciation that caused Thomas Hardy to write "Down Wessex Way" instead of "Down Iwerne Way," which was what he intended when he wrote that beautiful poem, "The Spring Call." And now for Iwerne's sake he has written the line—

"Down Iwerne way, when spring's ashine."

For Iwerne and Blackmoor and Bubb Down, the "Thomas Hardy country" as it is sometimes called, there are many who would do much—lay down their lives, write a poem, edit a book, build village clubs, raise stones of memory. Iwerne Minster asks, from the face of its memorial cross: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" To which the Dorset-lover and many another will reply indignantly: "Nothing? Why, Iwerne is all the world to us. Even if we wished we could not forget." We came and we passed. We come and we pass is the all-human epitaph. The soldiers came and passed. The villagers come and pass. The Ismays, the Bowers, the Wolvertons, have come and will pass. But something remains, and that is Iwerne itself, the village of it, the heart of England beating in it. These remain. There is a good question to propound to those who live in England: "What will you do for your village?" But perhaps one hardly needs to ask it. For love of one's village, love of a certain countryside and its folk is a widespread and noble attribute of English people. Such love of the village is well and typically expressed by a book which has just been produced, called *Iwerne Minster, Before, During and After the Great War*. It is a fine title, suggesting, somehow, a hoary tower, a village and a minster clock or ancient dial, green mounds of graves and brown thatch of the houses of the living. For long before the Norman Conquest there was a "Mynstre of Iwerne." Iwerne and England were born together. Iwerne with the same stars shining over it, all the centuries, has seen many wars, and also, of course, years and years of happy peace. It has its immortality. And it has its many chroniclers, its pedlars of songs at country fairs, its poets, like Barnes,

its novelists, like Hardy, its rectors and squires. Now a beautiful volume has been wrought in its name, a book whose whole idea is to be a gift. For everyone in the village who lost a relative in the war is to have one. It tells of Iwerne men and Iwerne places, and its love has been written together by many people. Even the oldest inhabitant has had his share in the telling of Iwerne's story. And the lord of the manor has done his part, for he wrote circular letters to the front from the village in the days of the war and told all that was going on in the background while the Men of Dorset were holding the battle line. Mr. Edward Acton tells the story of the church. The families have their stories told—the Bowers, the Wolvertons, the Ismays. Ismay, who raised the White Star flag o'er the ocean, derived from Ysema, a fair maid whose name was adopted by a Borderer of the thirteenth century, holding back the Scots on the Cumberland marches. In James Ismay, the son, we see the rugged Northerner sweetened by Dorset air. His are many benefactions in Iwerne, and not least the book of the village. Perhaps the happiest thing in the volume is the oldest inhabitant's contribution, as gleaned from the old man himself by the editor. He never remembers sharp hunger in Iwerne; there were always plenty of cottages. Each cottage had its garden, where vegetables in plenty for the family, through winter and spring, could be produced. Wages, of course, used to be very low—7s. to 9s. a week—but the villagers did not fare ill on it. There was little they needed to buy. The men wore smocks. They walked to Blandford or even to Salisbury before breakfast. The village clockmaker was bellhanger too. Things have changed much now—but not the minds of the country folk, which, like grandfathers' clocks, repeat steadily the pulse of former years, of generations passed. Every spring the old English wild flowers come again in ditch and meadow and on the banks of Dorset lanes—down Iwerne way, the same beautiful, ever-satisfying, simple flowers, flowers of the country life of England. This spring is no exception, and among its blossoms comes this book which Iwerne itself has written. You cannot buy it. But when you go to Iwerne, ask for it at the house of the clockmaker, old Fred Brine. He will have it, with the Bible, under glass. S.

Bologna. by Alethea Wiel. (Mediaeval Town Series.) (Dent, 5s. 6d.) BOLOGNA is, like Urbino, a brick city, and the student of architecture can find numberless details for delight. Madame Wiel's book, however, does not enter very deeply into the architecture, being concerned mainly with the story of the city. The principal themes are the development of the great law university from Irnerius' time (c. 1050) and the rise and fall of the Bentivogli, who built themselves a palace more magnificent even than those of the Medici and Montefeltros at Florence and Urbino. In painting, Bologna has three great periods. The first was that of Costa and Francia; the second that of Correggio, the Carraccis, Guido, Domenichino and Guercino; the third the eighteenth century school of G. M. Crespi. Madame Wiel does not do quite enough justice to Crespi nor, indeed, to the eighteenth century as a whole in Bologna. Perhaps no town in Italy, after Rome, had a more flourishing musical, literary and dramatic existence. Otherwise this little book, with Miss Janes' excellent drawings, may be recommended to intending visitors.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page c.)

THE SPARROWHAWK AT HOME

THE sparrowhawk's nest, near which the following observations were made, was about 30ft. from the ground and was built in a pine. When discovered it contained four eggs, so we did not re-visit it till a fortnight later. After this interval we discovered that two of the eggs had just hatched, and our hopes of obtaining a photograph of the old bird were high.

Climbing an adjoining tree, we broke off some boughs which were at hand and piled them up in the position which the hiding tent would probably occupy later. On the following day the tent was taken up and tied to various boughs. When this was done a long rope was taken up and the end dropped to a friend, who tied on some leafy boughs, which were hauled up and used for disguising the tent as much as possible.

The tent was not yet spread out to its fullest extent lest the hawk might be unduly alarmed at the sight of it. After coming down very carefully, for the boughs for half the distance were no thicker than one's little finger, we retired to a distance and waited to see if the hawk would face the "hide" which had so suddenly appeared near her home. To our surprise she flew straight back to the nest within three or four minutes of our departure.

In the early morning of the next day we went up the tree again to enlarge the hide and add another bough. Later on, the tripod and camera were fixed up—not a very easy business, as the boughs were scarce.

In the afternoon the first attempt at photographing the bird was made. After seeing our friend walk away and after considering matters for a quarter of an hour, the hawk decided to return. Four or five photographs of her were secured without difficulty and we were on the point of descending the tree when her mate whistled.

She looked up, then quietly stood up and looked in the direction from which the call had come, and off she flew. Apparently, the whistle meant: "I've caught you all some supper, come and get it," for, a few minutes later, she brought back a small bird, off which the feathers had been carefully stripped. She stood on the edge of the nest and held down the bird with her claws and, ripping it to pieces,

ate the tough bits herself and gave the nice tender, juicy pieces to her young ones. She gave the youngster nearest her so much food that at last he could eat no more, so now it was his brother's turn. He was given an extra large piece, which he had great difficulty in swallowing. Sometimes she would actually put the food into their mouths, but more often she would hold it in her beak and let them scramble for it.

When the meal was over she walked very carefully into the middle of the nest and gently settled down on the young ones, tucking them under her with her beak. After she had had ample time in which to get them really warm, I decided that I had waited quite long enough in a most uncomfortable position—two hours, sitting motionless, nearly all the time, on a very thin bough which was not thick enough to bear me unless I held on to the trunk of the tree at the same time.

Early one morning, after about an hour's wait, I heard one of the sparrowhawks not far off; later I saw it sitting on a very low bough of a tree near by. Presently there was a dash through the air, and then the sound of feathers being torn off the victim. As I had to leave almost immediately I did not stay long enough to see of what their newly caught breakfast consisted.

When the young birds were about ten days old they began to lose their pretty looks. At the age of a fortnight feathers began to grow at the tips of their wings, and their tail feathers appeared. The added eggs were neither carried off nor rolled out of the nest, but were allowed to remain where they were laid. At the age of three weeks the young hawks mysteriously disappeared and were never seen again.

The sparrowhawk is a bird which is very much hated for his supposed taste for game, but he is not so guilty as many keepers and sportsmen would have us believe. He has no special liking for young pheasants and partridges, though he will sometimes take them if he comes across them.

So far as my experience goes, it seems that he takes what is nearest to hand, for among several lots of feathers found on the ground in the neighbourhood of the nest were those of a thrush, greenfinch and young woodpigeon, and no game bird was ever brought to the nest during the many hours I spent in hiding.

J. H. VICKERS.

May 12th, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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THE SPARROWHAWK'S NEST.

THE OAK WOODS OF THE PENNINES

A WOOD is a very much older thing than the trees which compose it. Its age is to be reckoned not in scores of years, but in centuries. All through the untold centuries of its existence man has helped himself to what he wanted in it. Many a wood he has destroyed utterly; others he has ruined. Some he has systematically cultivated to supply his needs and has felled and planted again and again. In the face of these facts the question arises whether in a country like England it is still possible to find woodland that remains in anything like its primitive state—the same natural association of trees, of shrubs and of ground vegetation as of yore.

When the evidence is collected and sifted the weight of it is strongly in favour of the survival of natural and semi-natural woodland in various parts of the country. The long established system of growing "coppice with standards" has certainly destroyed or obscured the original character of much woodland in the South of England. In other parts improvement of woods, even on large estates, has often meant little more than systematic planting of the native trees after regular felling, so that the original features have not been greatly modified. When we search the more remote and hilly districts it is still possible to find much woodland, unpreserved for game and open of access, that has never been either felled or planted systematically, and some that has never been planted at all. This is typical of the woods remaining on the slopes of the Pennines. In them we have disturbing human influences reduced to a minimum. By good fortune Yorkshire examples of these primitive woods were the very first woods in England to be examined, about twenty years ago, from the modern standpoint. As they have been fully described and are very nearly in a natural state they may well be taken here as an introduction to woodland plant associations.

The Pennine anticline or arch, from south of the Peak to north of Cross Fell, has a central core of mountain limestone flanked on either side with millstone grits and the sandstones and shales of the coal measures. Hence arise two strongly contrasted types of scenery and vegetation. The gills and dales and scars of the limestone carry ash woods, and the sheep walks and mountain pasture of the plateaux a natural grassland akin to the Downs. The cloughs and denes, cut out of the shales and bordered with rocky edges of grit, bear woods of the oak and birch series, and their upper slopes a "heath pasture" that passes over into moorland on the summits. The soil (apart from peat) over these grits and shales is everywhere shallow and lacking in soluble mineral constituents. Though it ranges from a coarse sand to a clay weathered from shale it is hardly comparable with soils derived from newer rocks. It stands apart, and may



IN AN OAK WOOD.

The herbaceous growth of summer; foxglove, male fern and bramble.

be described, for want of a better name, as siliceous, simply because it is formed from the older siliceous rocks. So we may take this name and speak of the siliceous vegetation of the Pennines, in contrast to the calcareous vegetation of the mountain limestone.

Whatever books, either scientific or popular, say, it is absolutely necessary at the outset to understand that there are in Britain two distinct species of oaks, namely, *Quercus Robur* (or *pedunculata*) and *Q. sessiliflora*, with a hybrid between them. The common oak of the lowlands, of the hedgerow, of the loams and clays, is *Q. Robur*. The oak of the hills and also of light sandy soils in the lowlands is *Q. sessiliflora*. Unfortunately, the reputed distinction between them, the presence or absence of a stalk to the acorn, is not conclusive. It was necessary to find a new and constant character by which they could be distinguished with certainty. Dr. C. E. Moss, after ten years' critical experience of oak woods, showed in 1910 that a sound distinction could be obtained in a new and simple way. The common oak, *Q. Robur*, always has "two completely reflexed auricles at the base of the under surface of each leaf" and never has multiple or branched hairs on the under surface of the leaf. On the contrary, the Durmast oak, as we had better now call *Quercus sessiliflora*, always has "stellate, i.e. branched, hairs on the under surface of the leaf" and never has the two leaf auricles. The hybrid has both leaf auricles and stellate hairs. This test can be applied with a pocket lens at almost any season of the year and has proved thoroughly sound.

Which of the two oaks yields the more valuable timber is a matter of dispute, but it is pretty certain that the common oak is the only one supplied by nurserymen for planting, either now or formerly. The Durmast oak is undoubtedly more suitable for shallow or light soils, and the folly of always planting the common oak, irrespective of soil conditions, has been pointed out more than once.

Glaning for a moment at the earlier history of these Pennine woods, we know for certain that they were formerly much more extensive. What we have left to-day are but the dwindling remnants of the continuous woodlands that clothed the valley slopes. They supplied for centuries all the needs of a sparse population, which often built its homesteads in "royds" or clearings in these woods. The oak trees out of them supplied the great "crooks" of the timber-built houses down to the sixteenth century. Possibly the population then began to outgrow the available supply of timber, for in the next century



OAK WOOD IN WINTER.

Showing shrubby undergrowth of dog-rose and hazel.

stone houses came into vogue and the old houses were nearly all encased in stone. We get an interesting sidelight on local practice of forestry two hundred years ago in the will of a prosperous yeoman and clothier, made in 1718. In it Elkanah Hoyle of Soyland, near Halifax, leaves to one of his sons "so much of my spring-wood at Dodge Royd, in Norland, as is not now . . . taken down, with full and free liberty to cut and carry away the same, provided that he . . . and his assigns leave good and sufficient weavers (*i.e.*, wavers or saplings) standing in the wood according to the custom and usage of the county." This, then, was the recognised method of rejuvenescence after felling, supplemented, no doubt, by the springing of oaks from the stools, as may be seen in many a wood to-day. In the same will another son is prohibited from felling "any sycamore or plane trees, oak or ash trees growing on any part of my farm in Sowerby called Woodlane, except what shall be necessary for repairs of the housing on that farm" on pain of forfeiture. These were possibly specimen trees, not woodland, but the extract is of value in proving that the sycamore was already introduced into the district. The upland farms are still often sheltered by one or two sycamores in preference to anything else.

At last we are free to enter and look at a wood of Durmast oak, as it is found in the Derwent Valley in Derbyshire, or the gorge of the Don at Wharnccliffe, or in Calderdale or Airedale, or on the Bolton Abbey estate in Wharfedale. It will involve some climbing and scrambling, for many of the cloughs are narrow and steep; but at present we are confining our attention to the woods in the bottom or on the lower slopes, up to about 600ft. The wood is not coppiced at all, and so is technically high forest, though only in a few cases does it approximate to ideal high forest. As a rule the canopy is much too open for that, and a variety of shrubs and undergrowth exists in the slight shade cast by the dominant oaks. The commonest natural associates of the oak are, first, the wych elm, and then common birch, ash, mountain ash and an occasional gean. But often the most important tree after the oak at these lower levels is the sycamore. As it freely springs from seed it might easily pass as a native element in these woods. But apart from its known history it has been more freely planted during the last fifty years than any other tree. In this type of wood the beech and the ash also grow well, the former certainly introduced and the latter in some cases, at all events. Sycamore with its heavy shade, and beech even more so, modify the aspect of the oak wood considerably.

The shrubby undergrowth is made up of a good many species without any one predominant. Hawthorn, holly, elder and willow



IN TURNER CLOUGH, SHOWING POSITION OF THE OAK WOOD ON THE SLOPES OF THE CLOUGH, ITS OPEN CHARACTER AND ITS MIXED UNDERGROWTH.



BOLTON WOODS, WHARFEDALE: DURMAST OAK AND BRACKEN.



BREARLEY WOOD: BLUEBELLS UNDER OAKS AND SYCAMORE.



THE WOODLAND MARSH: GARLIC, YELLOW ARCHANGEL AND MALE FERN.



SUMMER UNDERGROWTH: LADY FERN.



BOLTON WOODS, WHARFEDALE: THE BROAD-BUCKLER SHIELD FERN.

(*Salix caprea*) are the commoner ones. Hazel is comparatively infrequent, and so are English maple (*Acer campestre*) and Guelder rose. There may be a thicket of willow (*Salix cinerea*) in a swamp, or impenetrable brakes of trailing rose (*Rosa arvensis*), with an occasional dog rose and numerous brambles, but of real coppice there is none.

The ground societies are numerous, varying with the water-content of the soil, the quantity of humus and the intensity of the shade. In the swamps and marshy places the flowering season opens early with lesser celandine, golden saxifrage and wood horsetail, followed by wood stitchwort (*Stellaria nemorum*), garlic, yellow archangel (*Lamium Galeobdolon*), valerian, and again by angelica, *Luzula maxima*, water avens, meadowsweet, the big pendulous sedge (*Carex pendula*), or the tufted hair grass (*Deschampsia cespitosa*).

Most attractive throughout the whole season is the woodland floor where a mild humus, moderate shade and a fair supply of moisture maintain a damp habitat and a varied flora. The wood anemone, mercury, goldilocks, wood sorrel and violet are followed by woodruff and wood sanicle, by arum and Paris. These are in turn submerged in the woodland grasses of summer, the beautiful wood melic and wood fescue and the taller wood millet (*Milium effusum*), *Bromus ramosus* and *Festuca gigantea*, each of them the height of a man. Graceful and stately as these grasses are, they are excelled in beauty by the wealth of great ferns—the "shuttlecock" male fern (*N. Filix-mas*), the broad-buckler shield fern (*N. dilatatum*) and the lady fern (*A. Filix-fœmina*); among which an occasional foxglove may raise its spire aloft. These noble ferns (all three quite common) with their rarer allies and varieties are the glory of the Pennine cloughs, and this type of oak wood is of its kind perfect and matchless—a thing of joy for ever.

But these oak woods, when they are rather more open and less damp, can wear another aspect, equally bewitching but more fleeting. For some three weeks the bluebell, "Sapphire Queen of the mid-May," transfigures the woodland floor with its sheen of colour flecked with sunshine filtering through the open network of the oak canopy. There are other woods made glorious with a carpet of amethyst and sapphire, but, surely, none with more prodigality than the oak woods on the coal-measure shales.

Bluebell, bracken and soft grass dwell together in amity, forming what Dr. T. W. Woodhead has aptly called a complementary association. One follows the other as the season advances, and underground they exist at different levels. The soft grass is shallow rooted and its rhizomes spread in the loose surface leaf mould. The rhizomes of bracken advance horizontally at a lower level, generally at the junction of the humus and the soil proper. The mature bulbs of the bluebell lie well within the soil, several inches below the rhizomes of the bracken. As the bulbs develop from seed shed on the surface, they have gradually, in the course of two or more seasons, to make their way down to their proper depth.

W. B. CRUMP.

CORRESPONDENCE

EXTINCTION OF WILD GAME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Taylour's letter in your last issue is, I fear, likely to give rise to misunderstanding as to the measures already taken to preserve the big game of Kenya Colony. When I had the pleasure of hearing Major Dugmore he plainly alluded to the areas now set apart as sanctuaries for big game. The so-called Southern Reserve stretches, roughly speaking, from the Tsavo River right up to Nairobi and extends south to the German border. This includes also the reserve for the Masai tribes, who do not kill the animals (a few lions excepted). Mounted on a Ford car and armed only with brush and pencil, I was enabled last year while living in Nairobi to study freely in this reserve buffalo, hartebeest, impala, Grant's and Thompson's gazelle, eland, reedbuck, zebra, wart hog, etc. Other large areas form reserves in the north up to Mount Marsabit, the district in which some of Major Dugmore's best films were taken. Furthermore, certain animals have their own reserves, to wit, elephant, eland, Neumann's hartebeest, roan antelope and hippopotamus. Giraffe and elephant (male only one specimen) may not be killed anywhere except under a special licence of £15 in each case. From this it may be seen that measures for the preservation of big game are not wanting. Its complete extinction can follow only on the settlement of areas both suitable and unsuitable for that purpose, for the great majority of natives leave the game undisturbed. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Major Dugmore for his production of this remarkable record of a fauna the loss of which, as Mr. Taylour rightly says, "would be felt as a great loss." Admittedly, certain areas where I saw vast herds of game in 1912 were gameless when I passed through them again last year, but this was owing to the presence of the "soldier settler." Beyond the settled area I saw more game than ever before, so, believe me, the situation is being handled with considerable care.—BRYAN HOOK.

BOX HILL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think the following account of the felling of the timber on Box Hill by Sir Henry St. John-Mildmay, Bart., may prove of interest at the present moment. I am copying it from Vol. II, page 575, of "The Victoria History of Surrey": "Allen relates that various have been the disquisitions concerning the antiquity of this plantation, which for anything that appears to the contrary may have been co-eval with the soil. The late Sir Henry Mildmay, while in possession of this estate, sold the box upon Boxhill for £15,000; the purchaser was to be allowed fourteen years to cut it down. In 1802 forty tons were cut, and from the great quantity which has thus been brought into the market, and the limited use to which it can be applied, this wood has fallen more than 50 per cent. It will not now bring more than £5 or £6 a ton." This formed part of the estate of Betchworth Castle, which descended to Sir Henry Mildmay from his grandfather, Abraham Tucker. Sir Henry died in 1808, after having sold the estate to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.—OBSERVER.

A BOOK OF CARPETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I want a book on Oriental Carpets, illustrated in colours, so as to copy the models. I know how to make the carpets, and should like to have a book of models to be reproduced. Could you give me some hints on the matter?—M. ARRÁZOLA (Bogotá, Colombia).

[We have asked Mr. W. G. Thomson to advise our correspondent and he replies as follows: "I should recommend your correspondent to get 'Handwoven Carpets, Oriental and European,' by A. F. Kendrick and C. E. C. Tattersall, with 205 plates, of which nineteen are in colours; two volumes, 11ins. by 6ins., £5 5s. net, published by Messrs. Benn Brothers, Limited, 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Or if he desires more coloured reproductions, though limited to modern Oriental carpets—Neugebauer and Criendi's 'Handbuch der Orientalischen Teppichkunde,' mit einer einföhrung, von Richard Grocul, gins. by 6ins., published by K. W. Hiersemann, Leipzig. There is a large (26in. by 20in.) and very expensive book, much used by carpet manufacturers, but I am not sure if it is now possible to purchase it direct—'A History of Oriental Carpets Before 1800,' by Dr. F. R. Martin (The State Printing Office, Vienna, 1908)."

FROM THE TIBETAN MARCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Mantzu warrior taken on my last journey in the Tibetan marches may interest your readers. "Mantzu" means simply "barbarian," and is the name by which these highland warriors are known to the Chinese. As a matter of fact, though ruthlessly opposed to any sort of Chinese control, they are actually more civilised than the Chinese domiciled among them, at least as far as externals go towards civilisation. Their origin is unknown, but they appear to have inhabited the Tibetan marches—the



A MANTZU WARRIOR.

lofty grassland plateaus and snowy ranges between the plains of China and the Yangtze. They regained complete independence immediately after the Chinese revolution of 1911, and have maintained it since. Except for one or two "corridors" connecting north and south, nominally held by the Chinese, the Mantzu are completely masters of the situation, and there is no direct communication between the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen except by these precarious corridors. But the Mantzu, although hostile to the Chinese, are not even friendly disposed towards the Lhasa government, although acknowledging the Dalai Lama as head of their religion. However, their frequent contact with Lhasa, coupled with the fact that it is from there they obtain their arms, is likely to modify their attitude towards the civil government of that country.—F. KINGDON WARD.

GRIMES GRAVES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just read in your issue of March 3rd (page 300) some notes by "Arbiter"; the last paragraph deals with "Grimes Graves," and

he asks who or what was "Grimes"? Grim, Grime, etc., are all Scandinavian words for "the Devil." Grim's Dyke and Grime's Graves were so called by the ancients as they were quite inexplicable and were assigned to the Devil, just as Devil's Punchbowl and Devil's Jumps in Surrey. "Grimsby" embodies the word with a Norse termination for "place."—CHARLES SILCOCK.

RECLAIMING THE LUGG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The work of clearing the Lugg and tributaries as well as brooks and main watercourses is proceeding. It will be remembered that the first programme consisted of ten and a quarter miles of main river from the junction of the Lugg and Wye at Mordiford just below Hereford to Moreton Bridge; this was finally finished in June, 1921. After the election of the New Board in September, 1921, a further scheme was prepared which involved the clearing of thirteen miles of main river on the Lugg and Arrow, and twenty-seven miles of tributary streams; this work was carried on from November, 1921, to June, 1922.

This autumn and winter the task arranged amounts to nineteen miles of main river and the whole of the Berrington area (2,000 acres), much of which had relapsed into marsh land of little value. This work alone will run into fourteen miles of main watercourses and some seventy men have been employed throughout the winter, exclusive of thirty or forty more on other direct labour work, so that with the contractors' men the total number employed has approached 200 men. Perhaps the best proof that this work is appreciated by occupiers is that as soon as the main ditches are cleared the farmers get to work in clearing their own ditches. This season's work involved the clearing and improvement of the Lugg in its passage through Leominster, and the Town Council of this ancient borough have recognised the value of the work to its burgesses by contributing a substantial sum. During the heavy rains of the past month, amounting to at least 7ins. of rainfall in twenty-eight days, the benefit of the work was seen. In one locality wherein the last flood remained five weeks, on this occasion the lands were quite clear in five days. Certain stretches were not flooded at all, and where flooding occurred it was mainly due to local causes, such as mills, etc. It should be added that the Great Western Railway are also co-operating by clearing their ditches, which in some instances form important connecting links, and that the Herefordshire County Council, on an application from the Lugg Drainage Board, have made a grant on account of benefit to roads, road user and public health accruing to county ratepayers as a result of the avoidance or mitigation of flooding. The grant is a somewhat parsimonious one—£100—but the principle is now admitted. The work of the Board has been greatly assisted by the grants made for the alleviation of unemployment: £6,732 being spent in the season 1921-22, and an even larger amount has been sanctioned and will be expended this year. The rates of wages paid are those of the district, and it is acknowledged that the work being done by the men is excellent. A Christmas dinner was given to the workmen by the members of the Board, at which the greatest good feeling prevailed. The permanent staff of the Board consists of the Clerk, Mr. E. E. Diggory, and the Surveyor, Mr. W. H. Budd. Some additional help has been arranged for during the press of work and to aid in overlooking and arranging the work in progress, which is subject to periodical supervision by the Inspectors of the Ministry of Agriculture. The maximum rate levied, which is in Area A, is 3s. 5d. per acre.—R. HINCKES.

MARBLE OAK-GALLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The photograph of a remarkably large colony of the common marble oak-gall was taken this spring in a wood near Penrith, Cumberland. These galls are familiar objects in many oak plantations, but occurring in such numbers as shown is unusual. The galls are caused by a fly, called *Cynips Kollerii*, belonging to the large family of *Cynipidae* or gall-wasps. This fly settles generally on the young shoots springing from the base of a felled oak, and with the aid of its ovipositor punctures the bark, generally at a bud, and deposits an egg into the wound, together with a small quantity of an irritant acid, the effect of which is curious, as it causes a greenish swelling to take place round the egg till it becomes nearly an inch in diameter. In the spring this gall becomes brown and hard, with a soft interior. In the centre is found a single whitish grub, with a head, but no legs; then, in the course of time, it develops into a dingy brown fly, which later bores its way out into daylight. As many of our gardening friends are aware, large numbers of different plants are infested by numerous species of gall-making insects. Many of these galls differ both in shape and colour from each other; and not always does the original egg of the gall fly become hatched from it, as very often parasites destroy the original larvæ and alter the structure of the gall, making it difficult for naturalists to name the insect that emerges. "Alternation of generation" very



A REMARKABLE COLONY OF OAK-GALLS.

often takes place: in other words, the progeny of many flies do not resemble their parents, either in the gall or fly state, but resemble their grandparents. This difference is often so great that naturalists have classified them as two different genera; but, of course, this is not the case with the gall of *Cynips Kollerii*.—J. C. VARTY-SMITH.

"GREAT IS ADVERTISEMENT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope the enclosed photograph may interest you. America is the land of signs and advertisement, and most of the highways are made hideous by them; nevertheless, there are a few that really give useful information.



AN AMERICAN SIGN POST.

The United States Tire Company have signs, such as you see in the photograph taken on the Lincoln Highway, on all the main roads in the States a little before important towns are reached. These signs not only direct one, but give a few historical facts about the town being approached.—R. G.

SIGHTSEEING SAILORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This group of American sailors reading the inscription on the monument on the battlefield of Culloden may be of some interest. I wondered as I took it whether some drop of



ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CULLODEN.

the blood of one who fought there might not be running to-day in the veins of one of these sightseeing sailors.—VIATOR.

EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE OF COLE TITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

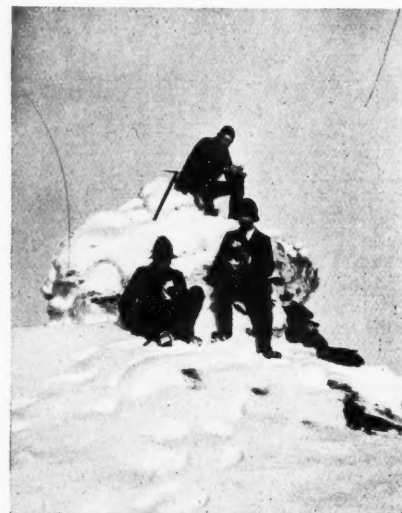
SIR,—My father, who lives on Battledown Hill, Cheltenham, and with whom I was staying last week, has for many years fed the wild birds in his garden, putting the food each morning at breakfast-time on a small table just outside the breakfast-room window, the food usually consisting of small pieces of bread and toast with occasionally fragments of fish or cold boiled bacon. The birds which come to feed include sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds, chaffinches, robins, great blue and cole tits, etc. On Thursday, April 26th, my father put on the table some small pieces of bread toast and fish (dried haddock). A pair of cole tits appeared, and after inspecting the food the smaller of the two hopped on to the windowsill and tapped the window twice sharply with his beak, repeating this several times. My father then put out some pieces of cold rice pudding. This was inspected by the cole tits and refused, when further tapping at the window took place. My father informed me that what the tits wanted was cold boiled bacon, and that whenever this was not on the menu the window-tapping performance took place, the bird on two occasions entering the room and having to be carefully ejected. The ewe whose illustration is shown on page 586 of your issue of April 28th is a four-horned St. Kilda, of which I had a large flock before the war.—A. GRAHAM SMITH.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS IN SPRING.

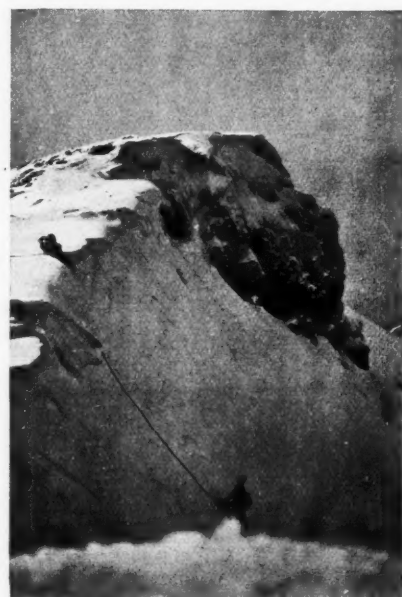
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may, perhaps, interest your readers to hear something of a climb which we did in Scotland this spring. Few people who have tasted of the joys of hill climbing in snow will ever forget that memory. It is wonderfully inspiring to stand and gaze at the multitude of pictures which present themselves to the eye; first, the rough, reddish moorland, then the hills rising up, gradually to be buried under a white mantle of snow, and finally terminating in a shapely peak, all bathed in sunlight with a light film of mist blowing over the summit. Even in bad weather there is always a feeling of awe at the sight of the broad slopes towering up into a sea of swirling mist. Small wonder is it that such sights arouse the spirit of keenness and eagerness in man to climb these peaks and win a way to the summit. I cannot do better than describe such a climb. It was on a magnificent day in March that three of us set out from Crianlarich for Ben Lui. We followed the Tyndrum road for three miles and then along the Coninish track, round the shoulder of Ben Oss until it lost itself at the foot of the mountain. Gradually, as we walked along, the mighty south rib of Ben Lui cast a great shadow in the north-east corrie and central couloir, giving a wonderful massive appearance to the mountain. From the end of the track the mountain rises very abruptly, and we soon worked our way up into the main corrie, the floor of which lies about 2,200ft. above sea

level, some 1,500ft. from the summit. The snow line was actually much lower than this, but only in the corrie did we first tread on good hard snow. After a short rest and light lunch we continued straight up the central couloir. The angle of the slope increased rapidly, and after a few hundred feet we roped up, the angle all the while increasing to about 45° on the 3,000ft. contour; from here to the summit it varied between 45° and 50°. The surface was excellent, and it was wonderful to stand in the firm steps chipping away at the hard *névé* in front of us. Periodically we stopped to gaze around; we were in a gully, hemmed in on either side by great walls of rock thickly plastered with snow and hanging with fog crystals. The steep slope twisted its way upwards to where the cornices overhung, frowning down upon us from the summit ridge. We looked down into the corrie and beyond to the little blue ribbon of the Coninish Burn far below us, and away in the distance were other snow-clad mountains, proclaiming themselves to the heavens until they were lost in the haze. But it was cold out of the sun, and we pushed on quickly to the summit. After a short stretch at an angle of about 60° we reached a gap in the cornice, and one by one we climbed over on to the ridge and into the sunshine. Our work was now done, so we unroped and walked along to the cairn, there to feed and admire the stupendous view all around, from Ben Nevis in the north to Goat Fell in the south. Time did not permit for further exploration, so we followed down the ridge to the *arête* to Ben Oss, thence down into the glen and back to Coninish. The afternoon wore on and the shadows lengthened; the snow-capped mountains turned rosy pink in the rays of the setting sun, and then the light went out and all was hidden in the black veil of night.—C. E. ANDREAE.



LUNCH AT THE CAIRN.



THE END OF THE CLIMB.

THE TWO RACES FOR THE "GUINEAS"

TRIUMPHS FOR OWNER-BREEDERS.

YEAR after year we see yearlings at Doncaster and Newmarket make big money and in the aggregate huge totals are collected by the auctioneers.

They are well bred youngsters that make the big money for the vendors, as in the case of the Sledmere Stud, for instance. They make it a business point to maintain high-class mares, which have done well on the racecourse, and then mate them with sires that are producing winners. Indeed, they do everything to produce stock which shall be attractive to buyers and so make big money at public auction. Yet how often it is that the big prizes of the Turf go to the private breeder? Last year the Derby went to Captain Cuttle, bred and owned by Lord Woolavington; in 1921 to Humorist, bred and owned by Mr. J. B. Joel; in 1920 to Spion Kop, bred and owned by Major Giles Loder; and so on. Last week at Newmarket the Two Thousand Guineas was won by Ellangowan, bred and owned by Lord Rosebery, while two days later the One Thousand Guineas was won by Tranquil, bred and owned by Lord Derby.

So much for the paramount owner-breeders, whose splendid successes do indeed represent the backbone of the British Turf, which after all is supreme the world over. I do not know that I am any nearer understanding the Derby situation now than I was a week ago, and before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas had been decided. One anticipated it with so much confidence and, indeed, welcomed it for the light it was to throw on a problem obscured by so many puzzling points. For example, what horse was going to prove the best among the notable two year olds of 1922? I refer to Town Guard, Legality, Twelve Pointer, Papyrus, and one or two others. Pharos did not come into the argument as he was not entered in the race. The case for Town Guard was soon disposed of through the fact of his being withdrawn. His trainer was evidently not satisfied that he was in a condition to do justice to himself. How otherwise could one understand a colt with the credentials of Town Guard being withdrawn from a race of this first-class distinction, worth, moreover, exactly £9,765? Light Hand, the Craven Stakes winner, could not compete through being jarred by the winning of that race and, incidentally, I am afraid he must be passed over



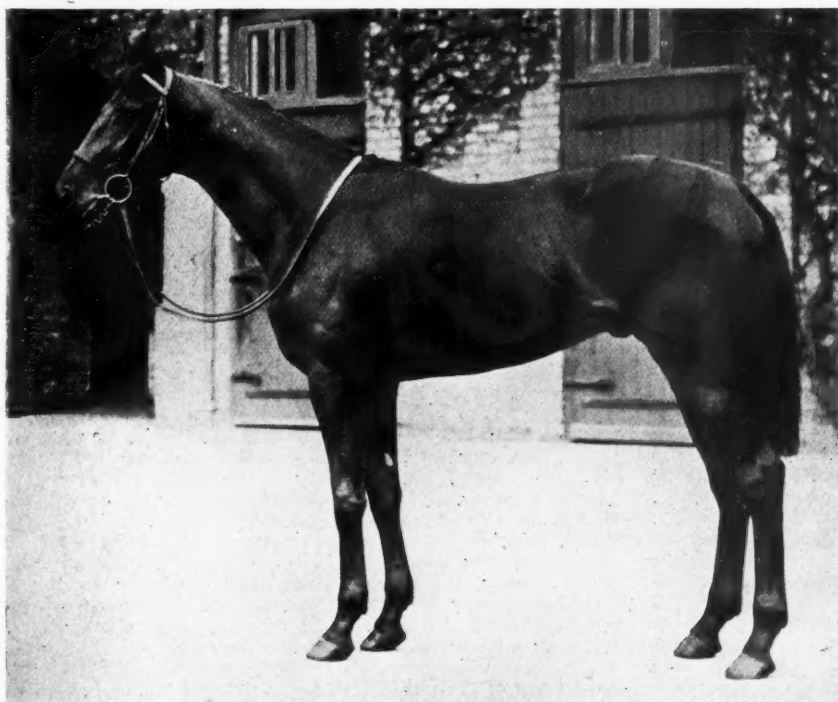
WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Tranquil, by Swynford—Serenissima.

for the Derby. Lord Astor also could not start Bold and Bad because of that colt not being at his best. He had been coughing and generally was out of sorts.

What happened to the cracks of last season can be told in a line. They were hopelessly submerged by others that were scarcely considered a little while ago. Papyrus did the best of the vanquished champions by finishing fourth, but on the whole he ran without much distinction. Twelve Pointer finished very close to him, and for him I find more excuse than for any other, as he was much upset at the start, he lost ground when at last it took place, and then was given a hard and uncomfortable race. I hope this highly strung colt will not have too vivid memories of the experience, but I have doubts on the point. As for Legality, well, here was a colt that his trainer had tried most highly, and yet he ran like something well in the third class of three year olds. Two furlongs from home he faltered as if he had broken down, and his jockey proceeded to pull him up, but nothing had happened. What the trouble is no one seems to know, but that the best was seen of this grey colt I will never believe, and yet my faith in him is rather badly shaken.

It will, I think, interest readers abroad if I give a few impressions of the candidates for the Two Thousand Guineas as they paraded before the race. One of the first I saw was Legality in the quietest corner of the paddock, and I do not think he was brought into the chief ring. He has grown a lot and is quite a big horse: therefore, it made me laugh to read in one or two places that he is small and mean looking. As a matter of fact he was one of the biggest horses in the field. He has a fine back and loins, but it is impossible to admire his pony-like and arab-like head. He throws his fore legs out rather wide when he is cantering, but there is nothing wrong with his action when he is well on the stretch. One of the first I saw was Twelve Pointer, highly strung beyond any doubt and feeling both the occasion and the heat. Possibly something had upset him before he left the paddock for the start. He is rather too high on the leg to be perfect, and I prefer the type, especially for Epsom, to which Papyrus, Pharos and Ellangowan belong. They are of better balance, and



W. A. Rouch.

WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Ellangowan, by Lemberg—Lammermuir.

Copyright.

especially is this true of Ellangowan, for he has size and he is thick and powerful, being one of the old fashioned long and low sort of which another striking example is Top Gallant, the winner last Saturday of the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park.

Yes, I liked Ellangowan very much in the paddock and, moreover, noted that he could be made still fitter, which was not a surprising discovery to make in a colt that was to give evidence of coming on hand over fist, as it were. I would call him good looking without being as distinguished looking as, say, Lord Rosebery's Ladas was on the day when he won the Derby in 1894. Knockando was admired, but thought by most critics to be still backward. Still, it is a fact that he had done a lot of work, especially with Town Guard. There is not a great deal of Saltash, but I thought he had improved since running for the Craven Stakes behind Light Hand and Ellangowan. Parth caught my eye. He has a lot of character, and somehow I do not think we saw the best of him in the race. He was not ridden with discretion, but then his jockey, Walker, had little or no knowledge of Newmarket. Papyrus is a beautifully modelled colt and pleased his admirers, but confidence in him was not overwhelming for some reason. Duncan Gray has not grown much and Roger de Busli I do not care for; while Pombal is more typical of the second class, to which he rightly belongs.

There is no need at this time of day to give a detailed story of the actual race. It involved the well known ones in almost complete effacement, and, as was the case last year, when St. Louis won, it was a triumph for the newcomers. So, indeed, it was two years ago when Craig an Eran won. His form as a two year old was brief and inconspicuous. Ellangowan got up to win in the style of a natural stayer. He had only been seen out once last season, though in good company, when third to Twelve Pointer and Brownhylda. We next had him appearing as a three year old and running a very creditable second for the Craven Stakes. In the meantime he had made quick progress, and it is that fact which leads me to think he must have a big chance for the Derby. For I somehow feel that we have not seen the best of him yet.

It was only in the last stride or two that the *débutant*, Knockando, was relegated to second place, and yet here was a horse that was not thought by the Clarendon stable to have anything like a winning chance because of pronounced inferiority to Town Guard. Hence we have Town Guard returning to favouritism for the Derby. Fanciers of racehorses are, indeed, a fickle crowd. D'Orsay, perhaps, was the surprise of the race by the fact of his getting third, and, of course, the wise people gravely shook their heads and said that the form could be no good, that they were all a bad lot of horses, and that the winner would certainly not win the Derby! That is precisely what D'Orsay has done for the form by having the audacity to run into third place, and quite a good third too. How dare he! And he reopened the wounded Whitburn-Cottrill combination by the fact of Drake having succumbed to what are called the exigencies of training. How much there was between Drake and D'Orsay I forbear to say. The story is best told by others. However, through D'Orsay, it is possible to visualise Tranquil, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, as a better filly than Ellangowan is a colt. It is a weird situation, and would that it were possible to have the race re-run. Ellangowan would, I think, still win, but there would be some changes. Portumna would probably be ridden differently, as was the case at Hurst Park, where he won later in the week. Legality might reproduce his home form; Twelve Pointer would fare better at the start and through the race, and certainly he might not again be inflicted with the worst place at the start; Parth would not be ridden quite so recklessly; and so on. All of which goes to show that there is some lack of confidence as to the accuracy of the form, apart from the winner, but, until proof be forthcoming to the contrary, I shall regard him as quite a good colt.

Next week there is an opportunity for Town Guard to come out for the Newmarket Stakes, and on the whole it would not be surprising to find this engagement accepted for him, especially

as he has been going just as well as he was going badly before the Two Thousand Guineas. We may hope that he will be given the race, but it will all depend on the advice given by his trainer. Then there is My Lord lurking in the background, a colt that has been quietly backed for weeks and months past, for there is undoubtedly much faith that he is going to win Mr. J. B. Joel his third Derby triumph. I hope, also, a race will be found for him, but he was never entered either for the Two Thousand Guineas or the Newmarket Stakes, perhaps because he was by Sunspot, up to then not regarded as a sire likely to get classic horses.

Tranquil's win of the One Thousand Guineas was gained in quite delightful style, and not only is she a very good one, but she might turn out to be an exceptional filly of the period worthy to rank with such as Sceptre and Pretty Polly. For one thing she has very fine physique, with power suggested in every curve and line, and the right sort of action. She is from the same mare as produced that wonderful bit o' stuff, Selene. I refer to the mare Serenissima. But what a difference there is between the half sisters in point of looks! Selene, by Chaucer, is eminently a Chaucer, and was always undersized except in the matter of her heart and courage. Tranquil is typical of her big sire, Swynford, possibly the greatest sire at the stud to-day. He is, by the way, sire of that grand looking, long and thickest colt, Top Gallant. However, the point is that Tranquil is strangely typical of her sire, but we must also give credit to the mare for having produced in successive years two such notabilities as the fillies Selene and Tranquil.

It is quite possible to argue that Tranquil is the best three year old of the year, that is, among those engaged in the classic races. The way she stayed on to win the One Thousand Guineas and shake off the brilliant Cos was an object lesson in what can result from a combination of fine speed, stamina and the heart to give of her best. There is an idea that she as well as Pharos may represent Lord Derby in the Derby, but I do not think so. Her journey will be the Oaks. For the present I am sure they are well satisfied with Pharos, twice a winner during the Spring meeting. The first win had little or no significance, but it was otherwise with the colt's success in the March Stakes. He was meeting Simon Pure at 20lb., which is exactly weight for age, and he may be said to have given a 10lb. beating. This to one that was fourth for the Derby last year must be accepted as a very fair trial. I have no doubt that several of the other colts would have done the same, but at least it tells us that Pharos is steadily on the up grade and that he is a better stayer than even his owner and trainer had been led to believe. Indeed, they had possibly come to despair on the point.

Turning again for a moment to the One Thousand Guineas, it is possible that Paola was not at her best, but Cos was top hole and her brilliant speed enabled her to make a fine show. She ran very gamely, too, even though the mile was probably too far for her. But as a three year old Tranquil is a far different animal from what she was last season, and so Cos may be said to have been up against the stiffest proposition in her career. Solicitude is a fine big filly and will do well, but Suryakumari, though most taking to the eye, revealed herself as a non-stayer. Shrove, the third, is out of that good mare Silver Tag, and, as in the case of D'Orsay, the presence of her in the first three might be argued to belittle the form, but I do not propose doing so. Such a lot of criticism in racing is of the destructive kind.

Top Gallant won the Victoria Cup in the style of a really good one, for he had 7st. 13lb. on his back, which is a big burden for a three year old at this time of the year. He may be an altogether exceptional horse, and Lord Penrhyn, whose pleasure it is to own him, may be sympathised with that the colt is not in the classic races. In the Craven Stakes he was trying to give 15lb. to Ellangowan, and on that running he would have won the Two Thousand Guineas had he been entered for it. I am told Pondoland will win the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park this week end, though Mr. Sol Joel's horses are not in form.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE & THE INTERNATIONAL

LAST week's golf at Sandwich and Deal consisted in a sense only of a preliminary canter before this week's Championship. Still, it was a very interesting and a very strenuous canter, and there is plenty to say about it. The play in the St. George's Vase was emphatically discreditable to British golf. Five of us tied at the extremely moderate total of 157 for two rounds, but two Americans, Mr. Ouimet and Dr. Willing, went four better with 153 and Mr. Gardner did 154. That was too bad a beating for ten men to administer to a hundred or so, and that on a course nearly strange to them. Personally, I always thought one of the Americans would win because they have more practice in stroke play than our men, they like it better and they do it better; but I thought Mr. Ouimet would have a score of about 150 and that some Briton would be very hard on his heels. The course was very long. Nobody, who is only looking on, can quite appreciate how much difference is made by the "St. George's" tees. Certain "four" holes become automatically "five" holes. The ordinary mortal, for instance, could hardly hope to reach

either the first or the fifteenth green in two shots. The strain of seeing a bunker in the dim distance and knowing that you have just got to get over it is cumulative and tells in the end on all save the longest drivers. On the other hand, the weather, if hot, was very easy. It is rare to find so little wind at the sea. The greens, too, were easy in the sense that they were slow and grassy, and the ball could be boldly struck without fear of its gliding away out of holing distance. Why in the world, then, did not some of our players do better scores? I cannot give any answer that is in the least in the nature of an excuse. They one and all made some criminally bad shots which deservedly cost them dear, whereas the Americans do not make these bad shots. Being human, they make mistakes, but they do not make "howlers." They do not suddenly hit the ball a hundred yards into the rough over cover-point's head, as did one of the last British hopes at the last two holes. In the sense that we have now a large number of players who can hit the ball very well, the standard of our amateur golf has gone up; but it has gone down in the sense that we have nobody, I fear,

on whom we can rely, day in and day out, as we once could on Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton and "such great men as these."

Golf certainly is a perverse game. If there is to-day one British amateur who can go on playing mechanical, impeccable golf for long stretches at a time, that player is Mr. Michael Scott. There seemed nobody so well suited to the rôle of the ultimate British hope. Mr. Scott had to do 76 to beat the Americans. We heard he had gone out in 36. That was cheering. We heard again a few minutes later that he had done a four at the tenth. That was a weight off our minds, for the tenth hole, perched up on a plateau with devils and deep seas all around it, is full of terrible possibilities. Now, we thought, he could jog along quietly homeward, taking his fives at the long holes without straining after fours, and all would be well. I suppose we did not touch enough wood or shake our left legs prayerfully enough. At any rate, from that moment Mr. Scott began to make all manner of mistakes, plunging from fives into sixes and actually taking in the end forty-three strokes for the last eight holes, a thing he has not done, I should imagine, for twenty years.

However, this does not impair the excellence of Mr. Ouimet's and Dr. Willing's joint achievement, and everybody must ungrudgingly congratulate them. Mr. Ouimet is an old friend whom we knew to be a very great golfer. Dr. Willing is a new one. The Americans themselves knew little of his game, since he lives far away in Portland, Oregon, and has only once played in the national Championship; but one has only to see him play a very few holes to know that he is the soundest of sound players who will beat most people and will never be beaten by many holes, whoever his adversary. After the American "big three" he strikes me as the most dangerous of our visitors, because he will never play a loose or bad round. He will always be there or thereabouts, and that is the way in which championships are won.

After the St. George's Vase came the England and Scotland match at Deal, which ended in a complete triumph for Scotland. Ever since this match was inaugurated at Hoylake in 1902 the Scotsmen have been at their best in it and England has failed. Looking at the teams on paper before the match started, it seemed to me that if the English tail did respectably well we

should win, because at the top of the list we had undoubtedly the greatest names. Names, however, do not propel the ball into the hole. Our tail did well enough, but Mr. Holderness and Mr. Tolley lost both in the Singles and the Foursomes, and that did it.

The Singles were extraordinarily interesting and dramatic. Out of ten matches two ended on the seventeenth green and the other eight on the last. If that is not a record in a team match it must be very nearly one. As regards these close finishes, I must be allowed one little personal boast. At dinner after the match Mr. Norman Boase pointed out that the more aged members of the side had finished well, and so they did. Mr. Harris was two down with three to go against Mr. Holderness, and won; I was in a similar plight against Mr. Harry Braid and, by dint of two outrageous putts, halved; Mr. Edward Blackwell was two down with two to play against Mr. Layton, and he, too, halved. Of course, the unquestioned hero of the day was Mr. Blackwell. He is now getting as near to sixty as makes no matter, and yet here he is playing in a picked team for Scotland, winning one of his matches and halving the other, and looking, as far as I can see, exactly the same as when I first had the honour of playing with him at St. Andrews, which is now twenty-six years ago. His was an achievement that gave a real glow of pleasure to every golfing heart. I have never yet seen Mr. Blackwell borne shoulder high from the scenes of his victories. I suppose the undertaking is really too tremendous a one for puny mortals; but in imagination, at any rate, we all carried him off the last green at Deal with the most fervent hero worship.

The Scotsmen all did so well that it seems invidious to pick out any particular one, but Mr. Wilson deserves, I think, a very special word for his victory over Mr. Tolley. He is a beautiful player, but he has not, of course, Mr. Tolley's power. When he was two down at the turn, with that long beat home against the wind before him, his chances did not seem great, for Mr. Tolley is one of those alarming people who seem to drive further against the wind than they do with it. However, Mr. Wilson buckled to so nobly that from two down at the turn he became dormy two up. He made a mess of the seventeenth, but "snodded" his enemy safely at the last. This was certainly one of the best wins of a hard-fought day. BERNARD DARWIN.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

GAME NESTING PROSPECTS.

MY favourite belief that the British climate indulges in three-month alternations of good and bad may be put to useful test in the coming months. While the townsman—who seems specially sensitive to rain—has been bemoaning the wretched weather, my own attitude has been one of satisfaction, for I hate to see good weather wasted during the time of year when it is useless to game. This winter we have witnessed an unusually early growth of herbage and a general abundance of food such as nourishes the breeding stock to a high state of fitness. April was marked by an intense spell of withering north-easterly winds whose effect is hard to calculate. It caught pheasants while in full laying activity, checked the process and peradventure led to the abandonment of nests far advanced towards their complete quota of eggs. Where these were gathered for hatching under hens all will be well, but where wild birds are relied on, the smaller second clutch, laid in a new nest, will fix the size of the broods. As regards the later-nesting partridge, the cold spell could only have done good by checking the inherent tendency to start laying too early, this time in presence of exceptional temptation. With the turn to summer warmth, which came in with the month of May, conditions were ideal for an immediate start: hedge bottoms, voluptuously furnished, added to reasonable probability of a long fine spell lasting through the critical months. The immense quantity of insect food will diminish, as far as may be, the tendency, on the part of rooks and such-like birds on the borderland of vermin species, to supplement with eggs any scarcity of their more natural provender. Much land is still mushy with the after-effects of flood, hence food of all sorts is bound to be plentiful for a long time to come.

A PLETHORA OF VERMIN.

As if in answer to my prayer of a few weeks ago, a nature enthusiast has written in the *Daily Mail* with eloquence and knowledge of the services rendered to small bird life by the, at times, ruthless keeper. Such writing is in pleasing contrast to the silly condemnation of bird-nesting boys, which has been addressed to the curators of Epping Forest, where small bird life is said to be scarce. Boys in the tempting season of early spring may plunder a few nests of blackbird, thrush, hedge sparrow and chaffinch, but their attacks do not last long, neither do they penetrate far beyond the wayside hedges. Thus the immense areas where the presence of boys is not tolerated are left undisturbed. The jay and magpie by comparison are infinitely more successful robbers, and Epping Forest, for example, is infested with jays. The beautiful and more conspicuous magpie is to be

seen everywhere rather further afield, and it spends all its time nest hunting. Thus, instead of there being families of insectivorous birds spaced at 20yds. intervals along every hedge-row, most of them are plundered by feathered thieves. True it is that when the leaf is further advanced second broods are more successfully hatched, but the fact remains that the best of all periods for reducing the caterpillar pests has gone by, the nestlings consuming the later generations which would never have come into the world had the original programme been allowed to proceed undisturbed. Some day, perhaps, the problem will come to be regarded as of sufficient importance to be seriously tackled. Both magpie and jay readily succumb to the poisoned carcass of a young rabbit, and drastic though the remedy may appear, its cruelty is as nothing compared with the bereavements which these creatures so mercilessly inflict on others. The small bird mourning the loss of its offspring is to me, at any rate, a more pathetic sight than a magpie lying on its back in the grass with its toes turned skywards.

A 28-BORE SNATCHED FROM MY GRASP.

Some months ago I spoke of the possibilities of developing the 28-bore as a gun for use during incidental wandering, more practical for the duties involved than the .410. Just a few experiments were needed to prove the case which had been made out—more or less on theoretical lines. Scarce as these guns are, an opportunity of possession seemed to lie within my grasp; for the specimen here illustrated was discovered in a



THE IDEAL 28-BORE HAS HAMMERS.

small collection of oddments which had come into a gunmaker's hands for disposal. It was a best quality Holland and Holland hammer gun, stocked to man's size, carrying an apparently new pair of barrels, which were true to gauge except as regards over-tight chambers, the owner being willing to sell for the very moderate price of £5. I looked upon it as being as good as mine, so after trial requested that an invoice should be forwarded. In reply came an intimation that the offer of sale had just been withdrawn, the owner having promised it as a gift to some wretched boy. However, I managed to extract some interesting information from it before complying with the request for its return. The barrels at 28ins. long weighed 2lb. 6.1 oz., the stock and action 2lb. 8.3 oz., and the fore-end 4.2 oz., making a total of 5lb. 2½oz. Both barrels were fully, not to say excessively, choked, and I certainly think this a great mistake, since in the case of such a gun the right should be true cylinder for quick shots at near range and the left full-choke so as to ensure undoubted killing effect up to about 35yds.—the shooter learning to fire right or left as the occasion may require. The standard charge adopted by Nobel's strikes me as capable of considerable improvement, but the argument of this question I must leave to a later occasion. Meanwhile I may say generally that my inclination is to abandon the 28-bore in favour of the 32, principally because the former lodges in both 16 and 20-bores in the manner that a 20 lodges in a 12. The 32 is only dangerous in a 20-bore, and there is a certain amount of sentimental justice in the fact.

A BAD HABIT IN BUYING GUNS.

I was talking the other day to Mr. Alan Thorn, of the firm of Charles Lancaster, and he expressed regret at the growing

practice of sportsmen to defer till the last moment the ordering of guns for use in the coming game season. This throws on the gunmaker the difficult task of estimating the volume of these adventitious purchases, not to forget the still more difficult duty of deciding some sort of average stock dimensions which by bending or otherwise will convert into a semblance of fit. The ideal customer is he who drops in shortly after the termination of a season for the purpose of ordering the pair of guns or single weapon to which he has decided to treat himself, and explains that, while there is no hurry, he would be glad to take the fullest advantage of the generous time available. Such orders are undoubtedly executed with an amount of care and supervision which in the nature of things are not possible in the rush weeks immediately preceding the opening of the season. Doubtful little questions as to bend and cast-off can be settled at leisure on the shooting ground, and faults, if there happen to be any, can be located in the course of preliminary shooting at pigeons, rabbits and, oftentimes, ducks. Occasionally there is an obscure pinch by the trigger to be diagnosed and remedied, or there may be a fraction to come off stock length which has purposely been left of maximum length to protect the middle finger from bruises. Then, finally, the mechanism itself may be all the better for a little wear, to be followed by examination to see that in the process of bedding down to wearing surfaces no adjustment has materially changed. A new gun must embody some species of novelty, even though it be confined to the presence of material which has disappeared from the old gun in the course of wear. Strange conditions of this sort need getting used to gradually rather than to be thrust on the shooter at a time when such preoccupations are bound to be disconcerting.

THE ESTATE MARKET

TWO LUTYENS MODERNISATIONS

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS supervised the decoration and remodelling of No. 34, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and it is now one of the finest town houses of its size in Mayfair. The lease is to be sold on May 29th by Messrs. Wilson and Co., by order of Lady Sackville. In a house of so many points of perfection it is difficult to select any in particular for commendation, but the marble chimney-pieces from the Wallace Collection, the old Persian panelling, and the wrought-iron balusters of the staircase are specially striking.

Lady Sackville is also selling, through Messrs. Wilson and Co., No. 40, Sussex Square, Brighton, a freehold Georgian house, the original beauty of which has been perfected by modernisation carried out according to designs by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Valuable objects from the Wallace Collection also enrich this residence, which is freehold, and stands high up, near the golf links and overlooking the Channel.

An Adam house of medium size, No. 16, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, is coming under the hammer of Messrs. Elliott, Son and Boyton, at their Vere Street rooms, on June 12th. The late owner bought it for £23,000 many years ago, and he expended a very large sum in improvements. The price to-day is probably well within £20,000. The site is held, from the Howard de Walden estate, for a term having fifty years still unexpired, at an annual ground rent of £60. One device which might with advantage be copied in a good many cases is seen from the dining-room windows, certain antique Italian sculpture having been built into the opposite wall. It must often have struck visitors to houses admirably furnished as surprising that the occupiers seem to be content to look out at blank walls, the ugliness of which is accentuated sometimes by straggling and neglected creepers. The large drawing-room has two carved marble mantelpieces supported on Corinthian columns, with mirrors after the style of those which Robert Adam designed for Derby House.

DUCHY LONDON PROPERTIES.

OTHER London properties shortly to come under the hammer are a corner site of over 35,000 sq. ft. near Waterloo Station, this being a letting by competition on building lease, by order of the Duchy of Cornwall. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer the lease at Hanover Square on May 23rd. This site is some little distance from the Kennington area belonging to the Duchy, which has in recent years, under the wise and liberal administration of the Council of the Prince of Wales, the Prince personally influencing the estate policy, been so marvelously improved. The Secretary of the Duchy,

Mr. Walter Peacock, C.V.O., and the resident agent, Mr. George Bartlett, J.P., are indefatigable in all that appertains to the welfare of the tenants, and there is no London property so admirably managed as that at Kennington. Much of it has been redeveloped in the last few years, and the flats in certain parts of the estate are a model worthy of reproduction anywhere.

There has been a revival of reports that dealings are imminent in regard to part of the site of Devonshire House, Piccadilly. The section near Lansdowne Passage is indicated as being that under consideration.

LORD ELIBANK'S ESTATE.

LORD ELIBANK intends to sell his Peebles-shire estate, Darn Hall, nearly 2,000 acres, originally a Border stronghold of the fourteenth century. This family have held Darn Hall for over 400 years. It is a good sporting property about 20 miles from Edinburgh. Messrs. W. and F. Haldane, W.S., have the conduct of the sale.

The late Sir Joseph Savory's representatives have, as already announced in COUNTRY LIFE, placed Wharton Hall and 11,000 acres in Westmorland in the market. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer one portion at Kendal on June 8th, and the Wharton and Murton portions at Appleby on the following day. About the year 1400 the now oldest portion of Wharton Hall was built by a Wherton, as the family was then called, the earlier rendering of the name of the manor being Querton. The four-floored peel tower, central hall and kitchen served for 150 years, when Sir Thomas Wharton, Warden of the Marches, having received a barony, added a banqueting hall, parlour and gate-house, and more kitchens. The banqueting hall is in ruins. The western wing of the house with an Elizabethan gallery appears to date from about 1560, when the park was formed. The fourth Lord Wharton, a Roundhead, was succeeded by one who, losing everything in the Pretender's cause, died in a monastery at Tarragona. Robert Lowther bought the forfeited estate in 1728. The first Lord Lonsdale restored the peel as a shooting box, and brought the western wing of the old mansion into use as a farmhouse, as it remains. Murton Hall, now a farmhouse, is near the weird Pennine peak called Murton Pike. Lot 4, 57 acres, includes the ruins of Lammerside Castle, and troutling in the Eden, a very picturesque and attractive bit of the estate.

Bught House and 209 acres at Inverness, with salmon fishing, have been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley; also 4,628 acres of Penninghame, Newton Stewart, the rest of which will shortly be dealt with; Ponsfall Farm, 72 acres, near Potters Bar, for £2,800;

and Elbridge, Windlesham, cancelling that auction last Tuesday. Coombe House and 970 acres at Shaftesbury are to be sold by the firm for the executors of the late Mr. Mark Hanbury Beaufoy.

At the sale of the Billingbear estate twenty-two lots, 465 acres, realised £12,730. The Nevills of Billingbear (mentioned in the Estate Market page on March 10th in connection with the sale) were a junior line, of whom one of the best remembered was Henry Nevill, who died in the year 1614, a courtier and diplomatist, and a leading figure in Parliament in the reign of James I. His grandson, another Sir Henry, who died in 1694, was an author of some note and a Republican opponent of Cromwell, by whom he was banished from London in 1654. The family became extinct in the year 1740, and in 1762 Richard Aldworth, who was born in 1717 and died in 1793, on inheriting Billingbear, took the name of Nevill. From him descend the Lords Braybrooke.

SANDYWELL PARK, CHELTENHAM.

THE dignified and beautiful Gloucestershire seat Sandwell Park will be offered for sale at Gloucester on June 16th by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. on behalf of Mr. H. H. Stephens, who is at present in occupation of the house, but is willing to give vacant possession. Sandwell is a stone house of the Jacobean period with eighteenth century wings, which, surmounted by balustrading ornamented with vases, harmonise with the original portion. There are all the evidences in the house of a large expenditure in modernisation, and it has central heating and electric light. It is a very compact property of less than 120 acres, with delightful gardens. The situation, five miles from Cheltenham on the Oxford road, is first-rate for hunting with the Cotswold, V.W.H. and Heythrop. "Rudder's History of Gloucestershire" gives a view and description of the seat.

Bourn Hall, nine miles from Cambridge, the Tudor house containing a great deal of oak and other characteristic features, is for sale next Wednesday in London by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons. A description of the property appeared in the Estate Market page of April 14th.

Ashley Park, Walton-on-Thames, including the Tudor mansion, six large modern houses and 200 acres, has been sold as a whole by Mr. Henry Gibson to a client of Messrs. Battam and Heywood.

Another very old house, Digges Place, Barham, on the road from Folkestone to Canterbury, not far from Broome Park, has been privately sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. The property was referred to in these columns on March 10th.



Painted by G. Moreland.

Engraved by J. R. Smith.

RUSTIC EMPLOYMENT.